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F-STRNAD



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Air Battles

Richard Ely

ARS POETAE

By

H. CONRAD KEINER, '33

AT THE beginning of a purple-cemented path that led to the door of a rather dismal house in Forest Hills a gold lettered sign which swung in the breeze bore the legend:
Aaron B. Spindelblarr, M.D.

There was nothing pretentious about the dwelling, although it did look imposing in its solemnity, but then again, the motor cars that lined the curb would solemnize e'en the humblest of frame dwellings. Dr. Spindelblarr's domicile was not frame, however—it was built of red brick. Not the ordin'ry brick, mind you—Mrs. Spindelblarr always made quite a point of that. This brick did not become so horribly white with age as most brick did; it was treated with a rather long-named chemical that increased the cost considerably. No one ever doubted the authenticity of Mrs. Spindelblarr's statement; the house was entirely covered with ivy and the brick-work was quite effectively hidden.

In the office, with its oriental rug and imitation gobelin tapestry, there sat one mid-winter afternoon the usual assortment of perpetual sufferers, convex women predominating. One held a Persian cat on her lap—an aristocratic creature that yawned continually and gazed disdainfully on all. They were patiently waiting to fill the Spindelblarr coffers; a Kew Gardens matron thumbed the pages of the "New Yorker" while her young offspring eyed his polished shoes, deep consternation written across his brow, as if in anticipation of some dire deed to be perpetrated behind those paneled doors. A Forest Hills dowager scanned the pages of a copy of "Fortune" through her lorgnette. A pompous gentleman, the only representative of the male sex discernible, was reading a leather-bound volume behind a camouflage of tobacco smoke in the corner. All gazed attentively at the paneled door when it slid noiselessly aside and a golden-haired nurse entered from the other room, smiled sweetly, and said: "Dr. Spindelblarr is not receiving any more patients this afternoon. Call again to-morrow." She turned languorously, and, displaying her Harlow hips, returned from whence she had come.

The poor sufferers had risen with a sigh, filed out, and climbed into their Minervas and Brewsters and Cadillacs when one Michaelangelo Ahduzza, a well-known collector of rare volumes, was seen to enter the room with the noble physician.

"That's rather clever of you, doctor, getting all those diplomas from that place in Kansas City. It does improve the appearance of your office greatly. Well, old fellow, I'll see you at the Grafstein's this evening. Another one of the literary discussion meetings, isn't it? One of Adolphus Enge's brain evolutions—it does assure us of an excellent cuisine once every month."

"You remind me that I must pay you for that book. What was the title of it?"

"*The Realm of the Lord* by the Rev. Dr. Blower."

"I didn't exactly agree with what Judge Trivial said in his last book."

You refer to *Wilson: Charlatan or Fakir?*, do you not?"

"Yes, I think that was the title. Rather droll."

"Rather. Well, I must be skipping. Barge in on me sometime, will you? Toodle-oo."

Dr. Spindleblarr bade his friend farewell and returned to his office. After attending to a few trifles, he climbed the stairs to his den, where he donned his smoking jacket. He read the first two pages of De Kruif's *Microbe Hunters*, threw the book aside, and spent the rest of the afternoon in perusing a novel which bore the appellation *Virgin Astray*. At five he started to dress; at eight he met his wife in the hallway; together they proceeded to the home of Augustus Grafstein, where they were greeted by daughter Agatha.

"So glad you came. Good evening, doctor. How are you, Mrs. Spindleblarr? The others are in the living-room."

The smoke-laden room was filled with guests: one caught glimpses of notable figures. All were enjoying their pre-dinner cocktails; the glare of shirt fronts and the dazzle of jewelry were impressive. Adolphus Enge, ever efficient, glided from group to group exchanging greetings. Mrs. Spindleblarr saw a friend and hurried off, leaving the doctor to find Michaelangelo Ahduzza. His quest was soon ended, as he found the collector alone and inspecting closely some volumes which reclined on the shelves at the end of the room.

"Where's old Grafstein? Haven't seen him around," he greeted Ahduzza.

"Agatha told me that someone attempted to explain technocracy to him this afternoon. As a result, he has a splitting headache and will not be able to grace us with his presence."

"Too bad."

Two youthful members of the intelligentsia sat talking earnestly by the Steinway. Enge sauntered up to them and was just in time to hear the following:

"Man is vile, mad, foolish, afraid, duped, base, hypocritical, and basically selfish and egotistical."

"No, no. Man is sublime, omnipotent, o'erpowering, and strong. Man is the conqueror, the ruler. Man is Power!"

"I see that we disagree."

Hawkins announced dinner; the guests found their places and sat down. The shrimp were delicious; the mock turtle exquisite; the scallops buttered evenly; the squab tasty; the salad pleasing; the dessert delicate; the demi-tasse heavy; and the conversation mediocre.

"You know," said Adolphus Enge to Michaelangelo Ahduzza, as he pushed his chair back from the table and lighted a cheroot, "I have finally arrived at the conclusion that the modern movement in literature in general and in poetry in particular is fundamentally sound and here to stay. It should be encouraged—free verse, I mean."

"Quite so," replied Ahduzza, "Death to the sonnet; long live free interpretation. The utter abandonment of stereotyped forms is essential in accepting the legitimacy of the modern era."

"Literature would have been better off if Wordsworth had not lived—"

"Or Keats and Shelley."

"Or Keats and Shelley. 'Little we see in nature that is ours' is one of the truest statements ever formulated. But I, for one, advocate that the youthful poet should see little in nature. He should write poetry, using free verse of course, about such illuminating topics as riding in a street car or walking across a steel bridge. He should wax eloquent over a milk wagon and go into ecstasies over a steam roller."

"Precisely!"

"If only we could impress upon the budding poets that they should disregard the verse that has preceded theirs, Ahduzza."

"Quite impossible. The old Latin proverb, you know. 'Factum fieri infectum non potest.'"

"True. Ne plus ultra ad valorem," rejoined Enge.

At this moment a youthful fellow rose from his chair, holding a neatly typed manuscript in one hand.

"I should like the opinion of those present," he began, "on the following piece of poetry. I have attempted to write it as Mr. Enge suggested at our last meeting. It is not, however, a glorification of the commonplace, but a poem depicting the Thirty Years' War in Europe."

Everyone was attentive as the poet read:

"The Thirty Years' War was long
It lasted for thirty years
Tilly and Wallenstein
Paid mercenaries of the Austrian Emperor
Fought with the gallant Gustavus Adolphus
Who believed implicitly in his faith—
The cannons boomed for thirty years
Boom—Boom—Boom—Boom
Boom—Boom—Boom—Boom
Oh Lord, why do men kill men?"

"What assonance!"

"Marvelous word-portrait!"

"Vivid analysis!"

"Thought provoking!"

Such were the comments that greeted the poet's endeavor. He smiled, graciously acknowledging the compliments, and sat down, allowing his companion to take the floor. The second poet, for, alas, that is what he proved to be, read the following poem:

"Escalators
Are to me more than escalators
They are symbolical of my never ending climb to success and
fame
I like escalators
They make such peculiar noises
I asked a man next to me once on an escalator where he was
going

And he answered, "To the lingerie department."

I hope they have escalators in heaven.

Another barrage of compliments burst forth.

The evening wore on. Mrs. Spindleblarr read some of her bed time stories; Judge Trivial read a pamphlet entitled, *In Justification of the Republican Regime under Herbert Clark Hoover*; and Michaelangelo Ahduzza read an essay on *Methods in Book Collecting*. Flavius Dubb, a Roman historian, played a few selections on the piano. The gathering retired after a short announcement by Adolphus Enge:

"The 'Society Blah', the local newspaper, is holding a poetry contest. I would advise that the two authors who presented material this evening enter it. I believe that they could easily win first prize and acquire many other honors."

Two weeks later Ahduzza ran across Enge in the Advertising Club on Park Avenue. They lunched together, and during the course of the conversation Ahduzza asked Enge:

"Have the results of that poetry contest you mentioned the other evening been published as yet?"

Enge's brow became clouded.

"Yes, and our representatives did not even receive honorable mention! The first prize was awarded to a poet who had submitted a sonnet."

"A sonnet!"

"Yes, that is correct. A sonnet. It seems that the world is not yet willing to appreciate the modern movement."

"No. But through our concerted efforts we shall yet make the world of literature take notice of the free interpretation imbedded in modern poetry. Well, I shall have to pardon myself, for I must attend a reading of Walt Whitman's poetry at three. Good afternoon, mon cher," and Ahduzza rose to leave the dining room.

"Avoirdupois," answered Enge, with his best French accent.



A DAY O' COURTIN'

By

THELMA L. MAURER, '34

*Scene:—*Kitchen, with a table to the center or right of stage. A chair is at the table upon which is seen pies and cakes. As the curtain rises to the tune of Dixie, no one is on the stage.

Characters

Chauffeur — George Washington Thomas Jefferson Mississippi Jones.

Cook — Emerald Magnolia Green.

Scene I

G. W.—(*Entering slyly*)—UMM—HUMMM! *Boy! (Looking over pies and cakes)—Does yo' see what I sees? (aside) Nose, yo' 's smelled bakin' day, sho' nuff! (Talking to impress nearby chair) A gal what kin cook like dat am a gal! (Addressing self pompously) George Washington Thomas Jefferson Mississippi Jones, ifin' yo' is a smart man yo' s gwine open dat do' what's got oppertunity knock-in' powerful strong at! (Cocks head in the direction of door) Right now, boy, yo' better see what's gwine to be de best way to oppertunize a slice o' dat pie! UMM—HUMMM! Look out boy, here she comes! (Backs to respectful distance from the pies and cakes) Yo' better be tendin' yo' own business—kinda—*

E. G.—(*Heard singing in the distance, then entering with a sweep, she sees G. W. and places hands on hips.*)

G. W.—(*Coughs timidly*) Mornin', Mam.

E. G.—(*Very unfriendly*) Mornin'.

G. W.—Yo' 's lookin' right pretty dis mornin'.

E. G.—(*Advancing*) Shrimp—! Yo' better be gittin' out a' my kitchen o' yo' 's gwine be de pretty one!

G. W.—(*Who has seated himself quite comfortably, jumps up in surprise*) What's dat yo' says, Mam?

E. G.—Ifin yo' has de idea dat yo' kin decorate dis here kitchen o' mine after breakin' dat date 'o ours, yo's mistook! Go on an drape yo' self on de chairs o' dat bean pole I don' seen yo' with—but don't come here no mo' lessen yo' 's lookin fo' trouble!

G. W.—Emerald, honey—

E. G.—(*Very scornfully*) Honey! Emerald! Don't yo' go wastin'

no sweet words on me—, save them fo' yo' bean pole in de green get up. Go on! Git! An' don' neber think I's losin' no sleep ober yo'! Yo' ain't much! (*looks him up and down*) Jus' about de laziest humbug I eber seed and as fo' yo' brain?—It peers to me it don' neber work ober time!

G. W.—(*Quite exhausted by the sudden tirade is deeply injured by that last reflection*) Why, Mam! I's de thinkin'est man on dis here earf; but ifin' m' stumick's empty, m' brain jus' don' respond.

E. G.—Ifin' yo' 's lookin' fo' a piece o' dat pie, yo' ain't got a chanchtt! And as fo' *response*, ifin' yo' don't git some out o' yo' feet soon, day's gwine pick yo' up in bits'!

Voice—(*Off stage*) Emerald! Emerald!

E. G.—(*With a final menacing glance at G. W.*) I's acomin', Mam! I's acomin'!

G. W.—Do' gon'! (*Strolls to table, picks up knife and toys with it*) George Washington Thomas Jefferson Mississippi Jones, yo' is in a mess—an' what I mean a MESS! Ifin yo' expeckts to marry dat gal eber, yo's got t' git yo'self out o' dis picklement—an' fast, boy! (*Bringing out a letter*) Sallie don' gib yo' dis salvation, an' yo' better use it quick! (*A pause and a sigh*) Ain't she cute when she mad tho'? And am she jealous?! (*Goes through the motions of cutting the pie*) Boy—Oh, Boy!

E. G.—(*Suddenly appearing at the door*) O Boy!

G. W.—(*Drops knife and jumps around*) Oh, it's yo' honey—I thought it was—

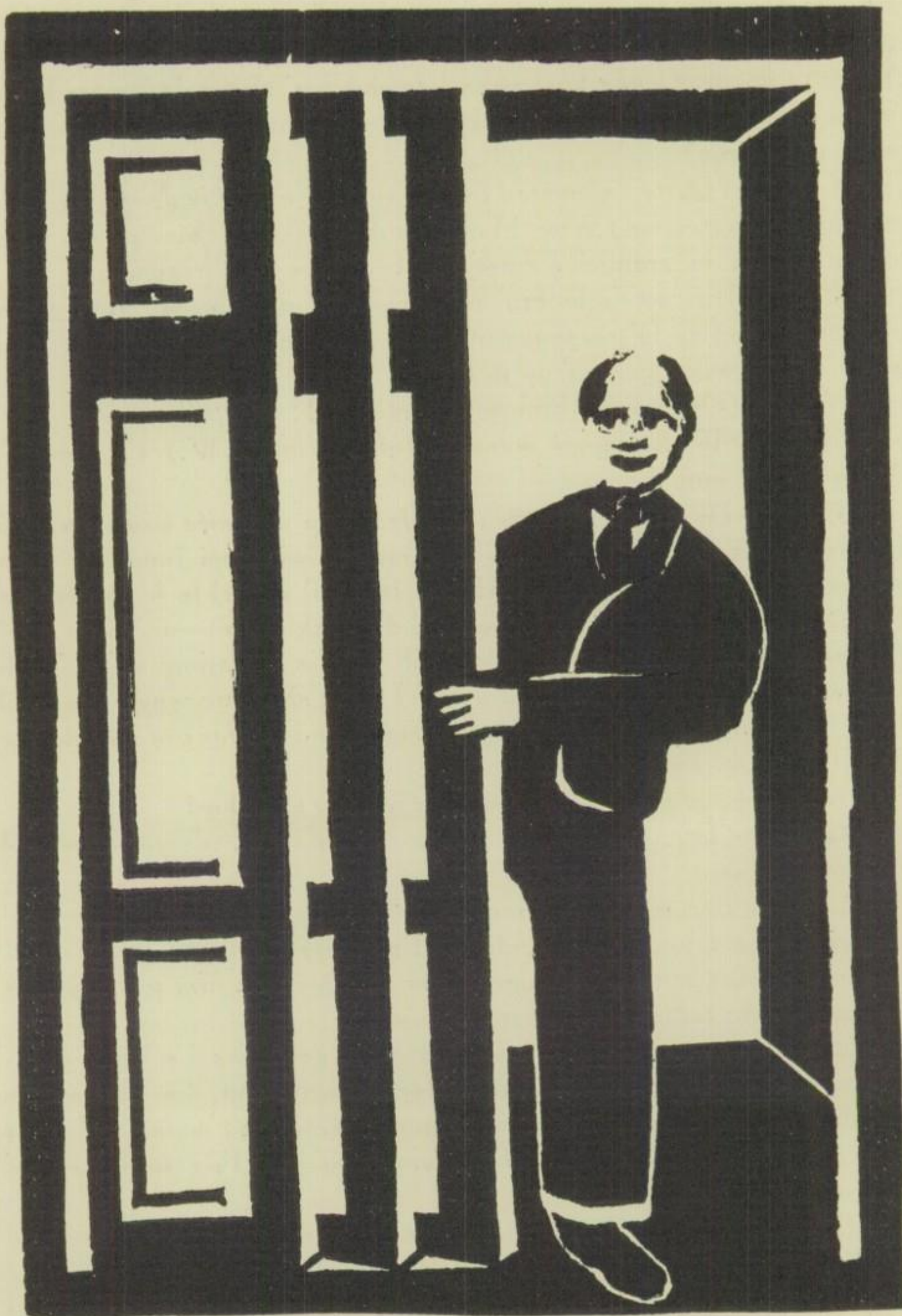
E. G.—(*Becoming very haughty all of a sudden*) Neber mind yo' thoughts,—an I begs to reminds yo' I'se Miss Green to yo', *Misser*. Jones. (*Makes a little bow and turns her back on him to busy herself about the table with different things*).

E. G.—(*Continuing*) Whooo, de ways an' hows I's been workin' dis mornin'. I's dusted where dey is dust; but, I's sho' as I's standin' here dat I's dusted twice where dere wern't none. An' what with house workin' an' bakin' I jus' ain't sho' ifin' I's standin' on m' feet o' m' heaid.

G. W.—Yo' feet, honey. An' dey's de two prettiest dis side o' nowhere!

E. G.—(*Whose patience is just about exhausted*). Didn't I tell yo' to—

G. W.—Now, honey,—



The Elevator

Margaret Mack

E. G.—(*Advancing swiftly with the broom.*) Nothin' ain't gwine save yo' now!

G. W.—(*Trying best to evade broom.*) Emerald—honey—I brung a letter—a letter—

E. G.—Yo' got a letter o' mine?

G. W.—(*Trying best to attain poise*) Yes, Emerald.

E. G.—Well, don' hang on to it—gib it to me! (*Takes letter and reads. Turns to G. W., who has been making eyes at the ceiling while awaiting his sentence.*)

Was yo' walkin' Sallie's visitin' sister las' week?

G. W.—Ain't I don' tol' yo'?

E. G.—Yo' know jus' as sho' as yo' 's sittin' der, yo' ain't tol' me nothin'. Come on, git yo' esplainin' don',—and do it quick!!!

G. W.—Well, yo' see, Sallie's sister don' come up from her Ma's jus' as Sallie was goin' to git her hair straightened. So she 'lowed she couldn't leave her sister alone an' axed me to look out fo' her, sorta—She said she'd drop 'round and 'splain t' yo'.

E. G.—Well?

G. W.—Sallie couldn't make it on 'count de hairdresser don' took extra long, an' she had t' keep a 'gagement; so dat's howcome I brung yo' de letter.

E. G.—Yo' sho' got a tough break, didn't yo'? (*Very stiff*).

G. W.—Mam?

E. G.—Is yo' brain still disrespondin' on 'count o' yo' stummick?

G. W.—Well—

E. G.—Does yo' want a piece o' dat pie, boy?

G. W.—Ifin' yo' please, mam! (*As Emerald cuts a piece, he pushes a chair from the farthest corner, across the room, and seats himself with a slide and a bang, at the table.*)

E. G.—(*As G. W. delves into pie*). Sallie don' just wrote dat it ain't yo' fault yo' didn' keep dat date with me las' week. Her story goes 'longside yo' 's. (*Sighs*) I reckon 'twarn't all yo' fault, nohow.

G. W.—(*Between mouthfulls*) Dat's de truff, so help me.

S. G.—Honey, yo' sho' is hungry!

G. W.—Yes, mam! (*Takes a large bite and almost chokes. E.G. slaps him vigorously on the back.*) An' (*cough*) yo' ain't mad (*cough*) (*cough*) with me no mo' (*Cough, cough*).

E. G.—No, I ain't mad with yo', sweetheart.

G. W.—(*Under breath*) Am I glad t' hear dat? (*Finishing the last bit*) Seems like I's still hungry,—sho' nuff do'.

E. G.—It do! Well yo' ain't gwine git another piece, so don't count on it!

G. W.—Aw, Emerald.

E. G.—Yo' hurry up dere afo' Miss. Brown catch yo' eatin' her pie.

G. W.—Ain't yo' don' gib it to me?

E. G.—Yes; but yo' watch out she don' *gib it t' yo'*, too!

G. W.—Honey, we is de same as we was befo', aint we?

E. G.—How was dat?

G. W.—Well—yo' know,—close kinda—.

E. G.—I do' know, is we?

G. W.—Well yo' ain't gwine pay no mo' 'tension t' dat no 'count do' man, from de Royal Hotel, is yo'?

E. G.—Dat's my business, boy! Ifin' I wants a do' man I's gwine take a do' man, an' dat's dat! (*slowly and reflectively*) An' anyways, he kinda 'peals to me. Him an' his purple an' yellu' uniform, an' them nice shiny buttons. Now, he's somebody!

G. W.—(*Quite crushed*) Ain't I somebody, too, Honey?

E. G.—Yo'! A no' 'count schiffenneer! (*Looks him up and down*).

G. W.—Emerald, ifin yo' 's thinkin' o' changin' yo' name—

E. G.—Changin' my name to what, Misser George Washington Thomas Jefferson Mississippi Jones?

G. W.—What I mean, Emerald, 's, has yo' eber complicated matremony?

E. G.—Has I eber complicated what?

G. W.—See here, honey, would yo' marry me ifin' yo' had a chanchtt?

E. G.—I ain't been axked yit.

G. W.—Ain't I don' jus' axked yo'?

E. G.—Well in dat case, maybe.

G. W.—Maybe?—ain't yo' sho', sweetheart?

E. G.—No, I ain't.

G. W.—Emerald, does yo' lobe dat do' man?

E. G.—I do' know.

G. W.—(*Edging closer*) Well—honey, does yo' lobe me?

E. G.—I don' know.

G. W.—(*Right next to her now*) Sweetheart, does yo' sposin'

yo' could stand me 'round twenty-four hours o' de day, fifty-two weeks o' de year, an' ten times dat?

E. G.—I ain't sho'.

G. W.—(*Sighs*) Do' gon'!—Darlin', does yo' member dat movie las' week what had de hero de gals was all crazy 'bout?

E. G.—Umm Humm.

G. W.—De one with all de moonlight, an' de trees, an' roses, an' a bench by de ribber?

E. G.—Uhh Humm.

G. W.—Well—(*suddenly places arm around her and hurries her to the door with:*) Come on out in de moonlight honey, till I gits yo' plum' convinced!

Curtain

A Day In June

The sky is blue,
The clouds are few,
The sun shines on a lake,
A birch canoe
With a crew of two
Leaves a diamond dancing wake.

Nature around,
Makes not a sound
Because there is no breeze
With silken touch
Or light as such
To ruffle up the trees.

Such days are rare,
What can compare
To sailing on a lake
With a crew of two
In a birch canoe
And a diamond dancing wake?

William Lomax—'34



DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

By

GWENDOLYN GATES, '33

TONY Pascarelli was a minor cog in Red Meadow's gang. Before he was absorbed by the gang he had been a slick pick-pocket. As money was not so plentiful in that racket and the chances of being caught were many, he decided to join Red Meadow and his boys as one of the gunmen. Now he had squealed on Red. In the last jewelry holdup that he was on, the cops came too soon. Red had gotten away but Tony had been caught. He turned yellow and bargained for his release by telling on Red. The cops had promised not to let Red know who had squealed, but Red had ways of finding out things for himself. Tony was scared. He didn't dare go near the gang's hideout.

After Tony had told his story to the police and had been released provided he stayed in town, Chief Brandon turned the case over to Detective Henry Kiely.

Kiely went to see Red that evening. When he entered Red's office he found the gang leader seated at his desk with a few of his boys lolling around the room. Red greeted the detective with a cheery hello and asked him what he wanted.

"Oh, I just came up here to ask you a few questions. You don't mind answering, do you?"

"Okay, copper, but make it fast. I have an important engagement this evening at eight."

"Where were you the night Minsky's jewelry store was held up?"

"I was with my boys right here. Why?"

"Just checking up on any likely suspects. That crosses you off the list, Big Boy. Aren't you happy?"

"Well, I gotta be goin'. I got that heavy date I told you about." Red's broad grin crossed his face triumphantly. He took out his watch, a heavy gold one and opened it.

"Here's the Broad I'm meeting, Joan Kane. Red handed his watch to the detective. A beautiful blond looked out of the back of the watch.

"She's a pip," said Kiely. "Well I won't keep you. Enjoy yourself. Don't do anything you wouldn't want the police to know about."

And as an afterthought, you'd better leave your gun at home where it's safe."

After he had gone Red became alert. A crafty look appeared on his face. He spoke quickly.

"Tony has squealed. I know. That copper's only stalling. We gotta put Tony on the spot before he testifies against us. Curly, call Joan up and tell her that if anyone asks, to say I was with her from 8:30 to 12. John and Big Jim, you come with me. The rest of you boys scram. I'm going to have a little talk with that rat, Tony."

Ten minutes later, three men got out of a closed car at Market and Lane street. Red led the way up the steps and into the house. Luck was with them and nobody stopped the trio as they climbed the stairs to room 206. Red took out his skeleton keys, selected one and silently fitted it into the lock. He heard the key on the other side of the door drop to the carpet with a dull thud and a broad grin creased his face. He deftly turned the key and opened the door. They walked in and closed the door behind them. Tony was lying on the bed asleep. Red drew his gun and the two gunmen followed suit. Red spoke.

"Hey, Tony, wake up. Keep your big mouth shut and don't make a move. We just want a quiet talk with you."

Tony sat up. A sickening pallor spread over his face and gave it a yellowish look.

"What da ya want, Red? I haven't done anything. What are ya goin' ta do?"

"Did you squeal about that Minsky job? Answer me straight and quit your stalling if you know what's good for you."

"I didn't mean to, Red," Tony sobbed. "You gotta believe me Red and give me a break. I'll leave town. I won't go on the stand against you." In his fear Tony had cringed up to Red and was holding onto his coat lapels.

Sneeringly Red pushed him away. "Say your prayers, Tony. You've got to ten."

"You'll burn for this, Red. I promise you. You'll burn."

Red's gun spoke twice and Tony crumbled to the floor. "Come on, boys, we gotta lam outa here. Look outside, Jim, and see if the coast is clear."

"It's all clear, boss. Let's hop." The three gunmen walked from the room quietly, closed the door behind them and Red locked it

again. They walked down the stairs, out to the street and into the car. Red went to Joan's apartment and the two boys went back to the hideout.

Next morning Chief Brandon's phone shrilled. The Chief answered. An hysterical woman spoke.

"Would you be afther sindin' a cop to Market and Lane. There's a did man in me house. Oi went to get me rent in his room this mornin'. Gettin' no answer oi used me pass key. He was laying on me floor all in a heap. Oh, do be comin' quick!"

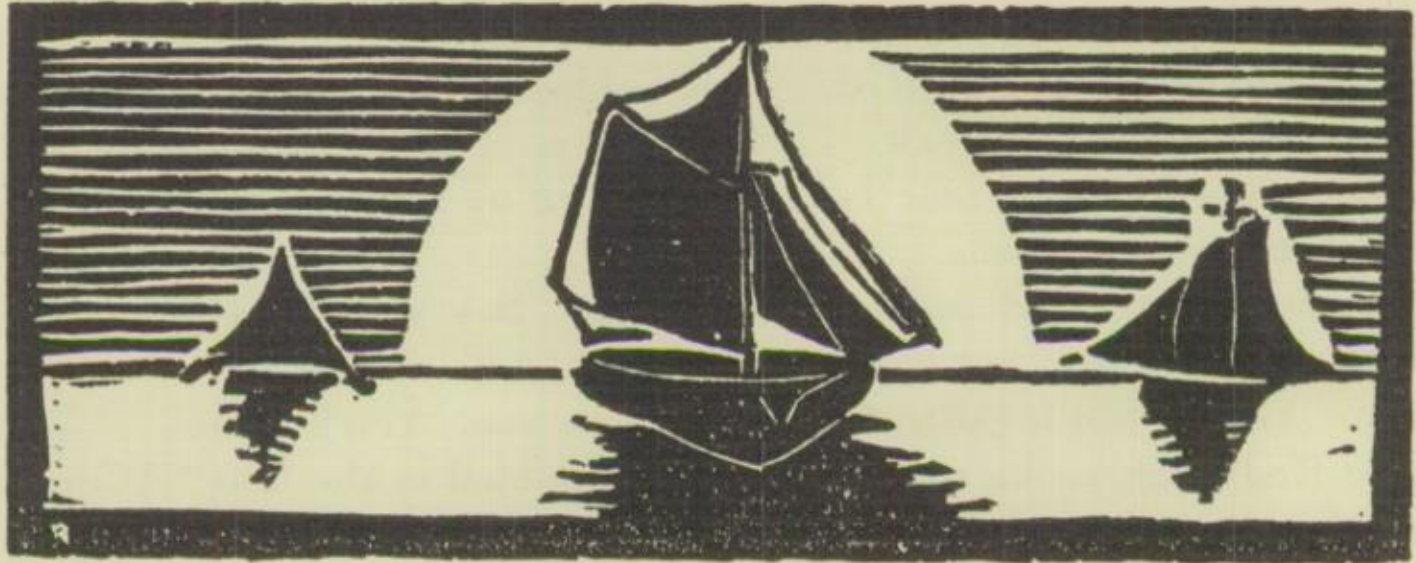
The Chief dialled Kiely's number and briefly outlined what he had heard on the phone.

In half an hour Kiely met Brandon at Market and Lane. They went to the room led by an excited woman. Two policemen were already there, sent by Brandon to guard the room and its gruesome contents.

Detective Kiely went over to the body. "Why, it's Tony Pascarella. You didn't tell me this, Chief."

"I didn't know it myself. The woman hung up before I could ask her any questions."

Kiely bent down and looked at the body. Clutched in Tony's hand was a heavy gold watch. Kiely took it from his hand and opened it. A beautiful blond girl looked out of the back, the same one that he had seen the night before.



Designed by Roy Roth

LIVING

The city is a vast, e'er moving bulk
That grates emotions on a knife-like steel,
And crushes out, beneath its massive wheel,
The throb in man; to leave an empty hulk
That neither sees nor hears, nor even lives,
But cuts an endless pattern 'neath the sun;—
Instead of being many, we are one;
Lost to existence all that breathes and gives!

There is a simple country, not too far,
Alive with things and doing; and a brook
Yet small sings nightly; where the roving star
Is seen to twinkle: A secluded nook
Where man may be himself; with naught to mar
God's pattern, nor deface its upward look.

By Thelma Maurer—'34.

REALIZATION

I dreamed a dream, and lo! He came
From out a mist with grace;
He was so tall, so proud, so fair,
So blue his eyes, so blond his hair,
A Saxon God—with lofty air,
And masterful embrace.

I lived a life, and lo! He came
He walked on common sod;
But in my lap his head he laid,
I stroked the hair too early grayed,
I shared his care—glad—unafraid——
Forgot my Saxon God.

Irma M. Zwergel—'36

SUNSET

It sank into the West,
Dropping from the blue-green sky,
A giant orange
Waiting to be devoured
By a low bank of clouds.

Lydia Zinke—'37.

Students' Lullaby

By Myrtle Ilsley—'36

In the land of the Heeby-Jeebies
On the shore of Flunkem Sea,
Dwells a giant who's always threatening—
The Fourthyearregent is he—
And to his all-powerful edicts
Even Seniors bend the knee.

In a cave is his next-door neighbor
With a horrid chilling leer,
He frightens the poor little Freshies,
Saying, "Wait until next year!"
And his name, you may have discovered,
Is Latesessionoverhere.

Just within the water of Flunkem,
In a slimy red-ink pool,
Float the Cutslip and his relative
Weeksdetentionafterschool,
And they mock and jeer at the student
Who becomes their helpless tool.

While under the mountain of Homework,
Next to a whispering brook,
A gibbering Cantgetalatepass,
(Who's pal to the Recordbook)
Lies in wait for the tardy student,
And gets him by hook or crook.

And with him the horror of horrors—
(Oh, classmate, cover your ears!)
Is the greedy Faileminminors
Growing crueler with the years—
The tales of his savage destructions
Make strong men burst into tears!

And thus in this hazardous region,
All manner of loathsome things
Creep forward and clutch at your standing—
Oh, the ruin each one brings
Makes the stories of Chinese tortures
Sound like Songs That Mother Sings.



Decorative Flowers

Margaret Oswald

veneer

By
KATHRYN BUNCE, '33



LARING in their newness squat the rows of houses as yet seemingly unused to their setting. All modern improvements! Ideal homes! The advertisements gloat at one from huge signboards which almost succeed in hiding those ugly up-to-date toads. Someone anxious to amass wealth has set up overnight those horrible match-boxes, has tried to cover up his crime against beauty by a lot of superficial tinsel. The home-seekers, unsuspecting, credulous, are attracted in swarms by all the glitter. Before their eyes is conjured a veritable fairyland. Even a child soon learns that that mystic land of wishes and dreams is exceedingly impractical. In their state of hypnotism they dazedly sign on the dotted line. If only they could escape the spell cast upon them by a fast talking real estate agent, they would realize that those gay and so-called "Spanish-type" houses would have made an hidalgo of old Mexico snort with scorn. Those foolish little balconies which cling so crazily out of nowhere could never possibly serve the romantic purposes intended for them. How soon those walls will crack, that plaster crumble! How pitifully new those houses are! How out of sorts with their surroundings!

What is there about an old house that catches at the heart? It is beautiful in its simplicity. No wild dream this! It was built for service and with loving hands. It is substantial. It has weathered many generations. Those years of being lived in have mellowed its low-ceilinged rooms, given it a cozy human appearance, blessed the structure with a quaint dignity. It still retains its beauty of line. It is individual. The house and its background are in entire compatibility with one another. Its very inauspiciousness makes it a treasure.

Some people, like those new houses, are small and narrow. They deck themselves in gorgeous raiment for others to admire, and make themselves outwardly important in order to hide the meanness of their souls.

It is the simple unaffected person, who has shaped his life for service to others, who is regarded the most highly by his friends. He does not try to pretend he is something he isn't. He doesn't dazzle

others by his greatness or follow the rest of the sheep in a mad effort to become known. His very sincerity and his suitableness for his work make him a gem of far greater value.

Characters and houses are flimsy affairs when built over night. True value is not always recognizable at first sight, but quality and endurance outlast outward show.

LUX SINE VERITAS

By

EDWARD FOOTE, '34

THE history of a raindrop and the evolution of finger nail polish may be interesting, but the public craves a subject more ingenious and intricate, such as electric light switches. When thinking of electric light switches, we ought not regard them merely as the customary method of turning on lights, but as a vital aid to mankind and a supporter of civilization. Regardez—when our electric light switch becomes broken, as electric light switches extremely often do, we support an electrician by calling him in to install another. He, in turn, supports the storekeeper by buying a switch from him; the storekeeper has bought it from the manufacturer, who in turn supports the miner and steel maker—to say nothing of the designers and engineers of the electrical company, who insist on creating new kinds of switches that cause us to waste time trying to discover which way we jiggle it in order to give us light. And we must not forget the person who always swears when he cannot find the switch in the dark, and makes the old lady in the apartment next door a customer to an ear muff concern.

And so, by a mere page of reading, the previously unimportant electric light switch becomes a figure in the limelight, an essential to humanity, without which the miner, the manufacturer, the storekeeper, the electrician, the designer, the engineer, and the worker in the ear muff concern would feel the depression greater, would be required to maintain a lower standard of living, and would drop a step lower in civilization.

And so the little electric light switch becomes the big difference between man and monkey.

Class Prophecy

By

J. JEAN HECHT, '33

The year is nineteen forty-three:
To see the future you'll agree
Is interesting—then look with care
Upon the names below and there
You'll find what occupation fate
Gave to each famous graduate.
J. Alexander heads the list;
The tabloid fame the name has missed;
He lives a life of bright content
And runs a drug establishment.
Chris Baum's an actress—lines are swell,
And next we come to Grace Bischel,
Who gives a course she says is new,
For lispers—now she's lisping too.
Dot Doering leads an easy life—
A wall street broker's second wife
While Ruths—Blythe, Burnton, Ohlsen, Brown—
Have married well and settled down.
And having grasped his longed for chance
Monsieur Denais has sailed for France
To teach the Frenchmen how to speak—
Their n's to snort; their oi's to squeak.
Jack Fisher thru his natural bent
Is now a bank's vice president
And Gannon, Ellerbusch, and Gould
Are senators who just have ruled
Depressions are allowed no more—
And will next week repeal Ohm's law.
Herb Chapin—natty, clever talker
Is the city's Jimmy Walker.
Steve Rappolo—yes, you bet
He makes the world's finest Spaghet!
Lloyd Guernsey plays at Bridge and Whist
And makes and breaks the social list.
Hirsch, Kenyon, Hess, and Jimmy Klee
Are teaching high school Chemistry.
Miss Melony and Margret Kyle
Eclipse Jeritza's vocal style.
Miss Hodges and Miss Daye are teachers;

Roper and Waldvogel, preachers,
 Klueg and Bischoff, cameramen.
 Keiner with his virile pen
 Has written a biography
 And Hecht has written poetry.
 With Ginny Sackett fairest fair,
 And Frank, dapper and debonair,
 The fastest place in all New York—
 So termed and styled by current talk—
 Club Wederholt is duly famed
 And for its host is justly named.
 Misses Thoresen, Seidl, Tint—
 The girls are all magnificent.
 A Socialist of great repute,
 Bert Kanwit must the world confute,
 And yet must prove all wealth should be
 Apportioned with equality.
 Eddy Shelley runs a show—
 Devine's become a gigolo.
 Froeschauer owns a clothing store,
 Miss Thompson gives out lover's lore;
 Dick Foote and Hurst have gone to sea,
 Miss Beck works in a library,
 And Betty Schwarz—my chance to sigh—
 Runs a children's nursery.



WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

BOYS

GIRLS

Jack Fisher.....	Most Popular.....	Jane Maury
Herb Chapin.....	Best Looking.....	Virginia Sackett
John Ellerbusch.....	Cutest	Grace Thoresen
Frank Wederholt.....	Best Dresser.....	Eleanor Reiner
Frank Wederholt.....	Best Dancer	Anna Alff
George Weston.....	Nicest Smile	Eleanor Reiner
Robert Shoemaker.....	Most Versatile	Claire Wright
J. Jean Hecht.....	Class Poet	Gwendolyn Gates
John Fogarty.....	Class Singer	Margaret Kyle
Jack Fisher.....	Class Orator	Theresa Miller
Francis Waldron.....	Class Athlete.....	Claire Wright
H. Conrad Keiner.....	Class Author	Gwendolyn Gates
Herb Chapin.....	Nicest Personality.....	Barbara Meloney
Sid Hirsch.....	Laziest	Alene Tint
Millard Roper.....	Noisiest	Vivian Osias
Pete Daley.....	Wrigley's Best Advertiser ..	Emilie Karch
Harry Beatty.....	Most Dignified.....	Mary Williams
Millard Roper.....	Teacher's Trial.....	Sophie Hanson
Wallace De Boa.....	Most Conscientious	Gertrude Werner
Pete Daly.....	Happy-go-Lucky	Grace Thoresen
Daniel Froschauer.....	Most Dignified	Florence Domis
Herb Chapin.....	Best Line	Christine Baum
George Denais.....	Best Sport	Dorothy Doering
Francis Waldron.....	Most Cheerful ...	Gwendolyn De Forge
Bert Kanwit.....	Dreamiest	Violet Richards
Bert Kanwit.....	Wittiest	Virginia Haller
Jack Fisher.....	Has Done Most for R.H.H.S.	Jane Maury

ABRAMOWITZ, DIANA

Blue Cards. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medals. Miss Leete's Office.
The keynote of her nature is friendship.

AIDINIAN, HELEN (GINGER)

Dome and Domino Captain. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Swimming Pin. Swimming Chevrons. Baseball Chevrons. Captainball Chevrons. Basketball Chevrons. Caucus Delegate.
Beauty and understanding go rarely together.

ALEXANDER, JEROME (JERRY)

Manager Basketball '32, '33. Major Letter. Minor Letter. Interclass Basketball. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Prophecy Committee. Blue Cards. Stage Crew. Pirates of Penzance. The Mikado. Christmas Play. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate.
A merry heart goes all the way.

ALFF, ANNA (ANN)

Press Representative of Newman Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Koch. Caucus Delegate. G. O. Staff. Class Book Publisher of Sixth Term. Program Committee 7th Term.
The eyes have it.

ALLEN, ALICE

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Speech 5 Honor Class. English 8 Honor Class. Dramatics. Athletic Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Class Secretary to Miss Johnson and Miss Kohnsberg. Secretary to Miss Rattelle. Assistant to Miss Poetz and Miss Leete.
Painstaking and faithful in the performance of duty.

ALLINGER, DOROTHY

Swimming Chevrons. Walking Chevrons.
Virtue is like a rich stone, best set plain.

ANDERSON, ROBERT

Dome Staff. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Quill. Editor of Quillection. Engineering Club. French Club. Wrestling Squad '31, Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.
No man was ever wise by chance.



ANDREW, GEORGE

Print Shop. Junior Arista. Blue Cards.
Better weak beer than an empty cask.

ANDREWS, CECILIA

English Honor 7 and 8. English Commendation. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Johnston. Self-Denial Captain. G. O. Captain.
Under white ashes are often glowing embers.

ANDRIACCIO, LOUISE

Blue cards. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Commendation. Spanish Club. Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Foerster.
An obliging smile and disposition.

ARANEO, EVELYN

Captain Ball. Basketball. Tennis. Swimming. Chevrons. P.S. A.L. Medals. Blue Cards. Dome Captain.
*"Always there with a smile
To knock such a girl is truly vile"*

ARANEO, FRANCIS (FRANK)

Captainball. Basketball. Swimming Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medal. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

ASCHER, HILDA

Captainball. Basketball. Swimming Chevrons. P. S. A. L. Medal. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards.
Slow and steady wins the race.

AUERBACH, HELEN

Blue Cards. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Art Staff. Dome and Domino Captains.
The modesty is candle to thy merit.

BARBER, JOSEPH

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin.
Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate.
Fire Drill Squad.
Whatever is is right.

BARKENTIN, ELSIE

Chevrons. Blue Cards. G. O.
Store. Student Leader Speech 6.
Editor of Classbook. Scholar-
ship Pin. Self Denial Captain.
*The king himself has followed
her
When she has walked before.*

BARRE, YVONNE

Junior and Senior Arista. Schol-
arship Pin. Class Night Com-
mittee. Vice-President 5th term.
Red Cross Junior Life Saver.
Leader of Arista Official. P.S.
A.L. Medals and Chevrons. Stu-
dent Commencement Commit-
tee. Blue Cards. Dramatics.
A shining light.

BARTASHUNAS, MARY

Rifle. P.S.A.L. Pins. Self-Denial
and Domino Captains. Blue
Cards. Sketch Club. Secretary
to Miss Konigsberg.
*Quantity does not diminish qual-
ity.*

BASTEDO, HELEN

Junior Arista. Blue Cards.
Bank Clerk. Secretary to Mr.
Sommerfield. Basketball. Cap-
tainball. Swimming. Chevrons.
P.S.A.L. Medal. Senior P.S.A.
L. Swimming Pin. Program
Committee. Commercial Club.
The best always goes first.

BAUERNFEIND, RICHARD

Orchestra, Mikado. Pirates of
Penzance.
*I prithee mall him not; youth is
irresponsible.*

**BAUM, CHRISTINE
(CHRISTY)**

Secretary to Miss Barber. Blue
Cards. Swimming. Basketball.
Captainball. Hockey. Walking
Chevrons. Rifle. P.S.A.L. Pins.
Dramatic Club.
*The reason we have two ears and
one mouth is that we may hear
more and speak less.*

**BEATTY, HARRY**

Art Editor of Classbook. Print
Shop Two Years. Foreman of
Print Shop. Interclass Basket-
ball and Baseball. Chairman
Who's Who Committee. Sketch
Club. Minor Letters. Football
'32. Blue Cards.
*He comes straight from Richmond
Hill
Never studied and never will.*

BECK, CLARA

Secretary to Mrs. Foster. Swim-
ming Chevrons. Swimming Pin.
Blue Cards. Secretary 4th Term.
Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.
Program Committee. Self Den-
ial Captain. English Commen-
dation.
*Just a girl of our sort
She's always ready for some sport.*

BEHR, ADELAIDE

Blue Cards. Bank Clerk. Com-
mercial Club. Riding Club.
*A pleasant smile is an envied
possession.*

BENDER, JOSEPH F. (JOE)

Captain Cheering Squad. Busi-
ness Manager Domino. Blue
Cards. Secretary to Miss Leete.
Candidate for G. O. Presiden-
cy. Minor and Major Letter.
Chorus of Pinafore. Leader in
P. T. Senior Prom Committee.
Camera Club. Business Mana-
ger of Dome '33.
*On what strange stuff ambition
feeds.*

**BENNETT, VOLNEY
(BENNY)**

Model Club. Rifle Club. His-
tory Club. Junior Arista. Traf-
fic Squad.
*Woman is a necessary and undy-
ing evil.*

BENSON, CHARLES (BUDDY)

Caucus Delegate 2, 3, 4, 5.
Manager Football '31, '32. Ma-
jor and Manager. Squad Lead-
er. Blue Cards.
*Good sense and good nature are
never separated.*

BISCHEL, GRACE

Secretary to Miss Schlachter.
Latin Club. Pan-American Club.
Blue Card. Scholarship Pin.
English Honor Class 7, 8.
*I am not in the role of common
woman.*

BIHR, DORIS (DOT)

Junior Arista. Dramatic Club.
Caucus Delegate. Hearthstone
Club.

Brave actions never want a trumpet.

BIRK, LOUISE

Junior Arista. Hearthstone
Club. P.S.A.L. Medals. Danc-
ing, Walking, Swimming, Cap-
tainball, and Basketball Chev-
rons.

Little in stature but big in heart.

BISCHOFF, GEORGE

Captain Interclass Baseball.
Captain Traffic Squad. Presi-
dent Camera Club. Assistant
Business Manager *Domino*. As-
sistant *Domino* Photographer.
Campaign Manager '30. Soccer,
Rifle, Art Clubs. Class Night
Committee. Junior Arista.

*Formed on the good old plan—a
true and brave and upright man.*

BITTNER, EUGENE

Track Team '31.

*A man who is not spoken of is
not abused.*

**BLAUM, AUGUSTUS JOHN
(GUS)**

Secretary to Mr. Collins One
Year. G. O. Captain. Blue
Cards. *Domino* Captain. Glee
Club Annex 90. Art Editor
English 6 Classbook. Assistant
Art Editor English 8 Class-
book. Secretary to Mr. Nagour-
ney.

*He is not yet born who can please
the entire world.*

BLOCK, RHODA

Caucus Delegate Dramatics.
Captainball. Swimming Chev-
rons.

*A wise woman doesn't blow her
knows.*

BLOOM, EDNA

Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Pins. Stu-
dent Commencement Commit-
tee. Chevrons.

I am seeking a man.

**BLYTHE, RUTH ANNETTE**

English Honor Diploma. Junior
Arista. Orchestra 4 years. Blue
Cards. Pinafore and Mikado.
Captainball, Basketball, Swim-
ming Chevrons. Art Editor 4th
and 6th Terms. Spanish and
Pan-American Clubs. Drawings
on Exhibit Parents Night.

*She has the face of an angel
But there's the devil in her eye.*

BOCK, CHARLES

Junior Arista. Engineering
Club.

*The beauty of a statue is in its
form;*

In a man, his conduct.

BODE, HENRIETTA

Junior and Senior Arista. Scho-
larship Pins. P.S.A.L. Medals.
Swimming Pins. English Com-
mendation Letters. Commercial
Club Press Representative.
Chevrons. Blue Cards. English
Honor 7 and 8. Caucus Dele-
gate.

She thrives on her good nature.

BOFFI, CHARLES

Dome and *Domino* Captain.
Blue Cards. Interclass Soccer
and Baseball Champs. Class
Numerals. Self Denial Captain.
Stamp Club.

Strange if true.

BRATTIG, AMELIA

Senior Arista. Commercial
Club. Secretary to Miss Leete.
Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medal. Sen-
ior P.S.A.L. Swimming. Blue
Cards. Program Committee.
Dome and *Domino* Captain.
Dress Committee.

Actions speak louder than words.

BRENNAN, HUBERT

Cross Country '31. Swimming
Team '32, '33. Winner Inter-
class Swimming '32. *Dome* and
Domino Captain. Blue Cards.
Traffic Squad. Major and Min-
or Letter. Class Numerals.

School is an intoxicating liquor.

BRENNEISEN, RUTH

Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Medals.
Dancing. Walking. Swimming.
Chevrons. Junior Arista. Com-
mercial Club.

*A gentle, quiet maid in sooth
Who seeks her way in silence*

BREWSTER, MADELINE

Junior Arista. Caucus Delegate.
Committee. Self-denial Captain.
Blue Cards.

*A versatile, vivacious representa-
tive of R. H.*

BRIGGS, NORMAN

P.S.A.L. Pins. Junior Arista.
English Honor Class. Editor of
Classbook. Championship Inter-
class Basketball Team Twice.

*A wise man is out of the reach of
fortune.*

BROSS, JOHN

Traffic Squad. Latin Club. Lat-
in Pageant. Gym Pianist.

Ambition has no rest.

BROWN, RUTH

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.
Senior Arista. Caucus Delegate.
Blue Cards. Chevrons. Secre-
tary to Mrs. Foster. Program
Committee. English Honor.
English Commendation.

Who faints not, achieves.

BROWN, WILBUR
(BROWNNY)

Blue Cards. Interclass Basket-
ball. Caucus Delegate.

*None but the brave deserve the
fair.*

BRUNJES, GRACE

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins.
Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards.
Chevrons. Self-Denial Captain.

*Her ways are ways of pleasant-
ness.*

BUNCE, KATHRYN E.

Chevrons. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L.
Senior Swimming Pin. "H.M.S.
Pinafore." "Pirates of Pen-
zance." "The Mikado". Editor
of Third Term Classbook.
Quill.

*Since she's studied night and day
zeros have never come her way.*



BURKE, HAROLD

Co-organizer of Wrestling
Team. Manager of Wrestling
Team. Member of Wrestling
Team. Print Shop. Football '31,
'32. Swimming Team '30, '31.
Interclass Baseball.

God gave us a man.

BURNTON, RUTH

President of Hearthstone Club,
'33. Treasurer of Hearthstone,
'32. Girls' Reserves. P.S.A.L.
Swimming Pin. Chevrons. Blue
Cards. Office Duty Annex 56.
Caucus Delegate. Self-Denial.
G. O. Captain. *Dome and Dom-
ino* Captain. Basketball.

*Whose armor is her honest
thought
And simple thought her utmost
skill.*

BUSEK, HENRY

Junior Arista.

A good man never dies.

CALLAHAN, RAYMOND

Football '31, '32. Interclass
Championship Baseball Annex
56. Baseball Club '31. Traffic
Squad. P.S.A.L. Medals. Inter-
class Basketball. Blue Cards.

*Youth is a blunder, manhood a
struggle, old age a regret.*

CARAS, HOPE

*She breathes the keen air and car-
ols as she goes.*

CARLSTEDT, ANNA

Blue Cards. Swimming Chev-
rons. Girl Reserves and Hearth-
stone Club.

Friend to all, enemy to none.

CASPAR, EVELYN

Scholarship Pins. Junior Aris-
ta. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Pos-
ter Club. Secretary to Miss
Leete. English Honor 7. Eng-
lish Commendations.

Silence is also platinum at times.

CHAPIN, HERBERT (HERB)

Secretary of G. O. Chairman Class Night Committee. Chairman Dress Committee. Football 1931. *Dome* and *Domino* Representatives Annex 90. G. O. Campaign Speaker. P. T. Leader 6 Term. Print Shop.

A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage.

CHIARELLA, JAMES (JIMMY)

P. T. Office Secretary. Cafeteria Squad.

He is never in the way and never out of the way.

COOK, RUTH

Secretary to Miss Talbot. Blue Cards. Office Duty.

*And her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like golden
fleece.*

CZERWINKA, OSCAR

Swimming Team '31, '32, '33. Swimming Relay Champions '33. Medal for High School Competition '31. Model Club. Interclass Basketball. Lifeguard. Orchestra Three Terms. Major and Minor Letters.

Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

DANNEMANN, MILDRED

Dome and *Domino* Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Swimming P.S.A.L. Pin. Swimming Chevrons. Red Cross Work. Blue Cards.

She prays your speedy payment.

DAVEY, RUTH

Walking Club. English 8 Honor Class. Self-Denial Captain. Chevrons. Blue Cards.

For all that is fair, is by nature good.

DAYE, FAIRY

Basketball and Captainball Chevrons. Blue Cards.

Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom.



DEBOU, WALLACE

Interclass Basketball '30, '31, '32. Traffic Squad. Editor of English 6 Classbook. Senior Arista. Secretary to Miss Manfred and Miss Dithridge. Scholarship Pin 7 Times. G.O. Delegate. Junior Arista. Office Duty.

Education is the only interest worthy of the deep controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.

DENAIS, GEORGE

President of Senior Class. President of French Club. President of Commercial Honor Society. P. S. A. L. Medals. Interclass Basketball. Secretary to Miss Dithridge and Miss Burrage.

Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

DEURING, MATHILDA

Scholarship Pins. English 8 Honor. Chevrons. Blue Cards.

No man is ever wise by chance.

DEVINE, EDWARD

Sports and Feature Writer of the *Domino*. Richmond Hill Correspondent to the World-Telegram and Brooklyn Standard Union. President and Vice-President of Press Club. Secretary to Mr. Collins, Mr. Kersey and Mr. Kunitz. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

Like Eden's dead probationary tree, Knowledge of goods and evil is from thee.

DOERING, DOROTHY (DOT)

Sword. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Delegate to Caucus. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Vice President of School Bank. G. O. Store. Blue Cards.

She's pretty to walk with and witty to talk with.

DOMIS, FLORENCE

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Miss Leete's Office. Secretary to Mrs. Van Wormer. *Domino* and *Dome* Captain. English Honor Class. English Commendation. Speech Honor Class. Latin Medal (3 years).

'Tis the silent people who accomplish much.

DORR, NAOMI

Orchestra 2 years. Hearthstone Club. Girls Fencing Club '30. Chevrons and P.S.A.L. Medals. Red Cross Work.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

DZUGAN, AMELIA

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

ECK, AMELIA

Secretary to Miss Collins. Chevrons. Newman Club. Hearthstone and Commercial Club. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Blue Cards.

Go in thy native innocence; rely on what thou hast of virtue.

ECKERT, FLORENCE

Newman Club. Commercial Club. Dome Captain.

Beauty is its own excuse.

EGLE, HELEN

Junior Arista. Bank Clerk. Honor Roll. Commercial Club. Caucus Delegate. Chevrons. Blue Cards.

Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

EHRHARDT, LOUIS

Junior Arista.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

EICHNER, ROSALIND

Annex 56 Orchestra. Annex 90 Dramatic Club. Chevrons. P.S. A.L. Pins. Hearthstone and History Clubs. Library Assistant. Dome, Domino, and Self-Denial Captains. Blue Cards.

Though I'm anything but clever, I could talk like this forever.

EICHSTAEDT, ALBERT

Swimming team '31. Interclass Soccer and Basketball. Blue Cards.

His little nameless unremembered acts.



ELLERBUSCH, JOHN

Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Football '30, '32. Member of Cast in "Pinafore" and "Mikado." Blue Cards.

Then I recommend mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, drink and be merry.

ELLIS, MILDRED

Hearthstone Club. P.S.A.L. Medals. Chevrons.

What's fame? A fancied life in others' breath.

ELTMAN, MILDRED

Girl Reserves. Chevrons. Choral Training. Domino Captain. Secretary to Miss Prinzing. Blue Cards.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

ERATH, ROBERT H.

Engineering Club. Physics Preparation Assistant 2 Terms. Editor English Classbook.

Silence is a friend that will never betray.

FARRELL, HELEN

Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Turk. Blue Cards.

How often have I paused on her every charm.

FIELDS, CHARLES R.

From John Adams High School. History and Stamp Clubs. Blue Cards.

He has common sense in a way that's uncommon.

FINCH, ELIZABETH (BETTY)

Dome and Self-Denial Captain. Secretary to Miss Leete. Art Editor of 6 Term Classbook. Sketch and Poster Clubs. Dramatics. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Tennis. Chevrons.

Time's wing but seem'd in stealing o'er To leave her lovelier than before.

FISHER, JOHN (JACK)

Sixth Term President. G. O. President 2 Terms.

Modest fame is not to be disposed by the highest character.

FOGARTY, JOHN

Interclass Basketball '30, '31. Baseball '29, '31. Secretary of Press Club. Correspondent to Brooklyn Times Union. Spring Festival of Music '31. Glee Club. English Commendation. Newman Club. Captain of Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Caucus Delegate.

His good natured voice may be heard above all others.

FOOTE, RICHARD (DICK)

Chorus of Pinafore. Stage Crew of Beggar on Horseback. Stage Crew of Mikado. Stage Director of Pirates of Penzance. Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Track '32. Domino Staff.

All the world's a stage.

FORSBERG, ARTHUR

Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Architecture Club. P. T. Secretary. Blue Cards.

*He who seeks the mind's improvement,
Aids the world, in aiding mind.*

FOSTER, EDWARD

Engineering Club. Track Squad. Print Shop. Blue Cards.

He makes a solitude and calls it peace.

FRASER, MYRTLE ADEL

Secretary to Miss Manfred. Chevrons. Girl Reserves. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great.

FRESCA, GREGORY

All's well that ends well.



FRITZ, EDWIN

Orchestra 90. Junior Arista. Commercial Honor Society. Stamp Club.

Almost to all things could he turn his helping hand.

FROESCHAUER, DANIEL

Football '31. Interclass Basketball. Basketball Club. Blue Cards. Interclass Swimming. Interclass Soccer. Dome and Domino Captain. P.S.A.L. Pins.

He bearded the lion in his own den.

GABRIEL, IRENE

P.S.A.L. Pins. Chevrons. Commercial Honor Society. Domino Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Pan American Club. Blue Cards.

She that has patience may compass anything.

GANNON, WILLIAM E.

G. O. Representative. Traffic Squad. Alternate to Student Board. Political Assembly Speaker. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Tennis. Commercial Honor Society. Chairman Senior Prom Committee. Blue Cards. Commercial Honor Society. Chairman Senior Prom Committee. Blue Cards. Foreman Shop Class.

*'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.*

GAREL, MILDRED

Secretary to Miss Dithridge. Chevrons. Leaders' Club. Commercial Club. Secretary to Miss Goldberg. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Self-Denial Captain. Blue Cards.

A faithful and good servant is a real godsend.

GARIBALDI, ALBERT

Interclass Baseball Champions '32. Honor Roll '32.

Beware the fury of a patient man.

GASTER, SEYMOUR

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chess Team. Vice-President of Chess Club. Interclass Baseball. Handbook Captain.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

GATES, GWENDOLYN

Self-Denial Captain. G.O. Captain. Latin Club. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Red Cross Life Saving. Secretary to Miss Vorhees.

*Cave will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.*

GEIL, BERTHA

Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Sommerfield. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Domino Captain.

*And what is Fame? The meanest
have their day,
The greatest can but blaze and
pass away.*

GEYER, WARREN

Interclass Basketball. Tennis Manager. Junior Arista.

*He mouths a sentence as cats
mouth a bone.*

GILLER, EARL

Junior Arista. President of Camera Club. Championship Intramural Basketball. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Track '32.

*A decent boldness ever meets
with friends.*

GLENNON, WILLIAM

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Captain Fencing Team '33. Tennis Team '32, '33. French Club. Scholarship Pins. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.

Present but not conspicuous.

GOLD, PHYLLIS G.

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. English Honor Class. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Secretary to Miss Ratelle. Secretary to Miss Osheroff. Secretary to Senior Arista. President of History Club. German Club. P.S.A.L. Medals.

*She set her heart upon the goal,
not upon the prize.*

GOLDMAN, PHILIP

Choral Training. Pinafore. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Vice-President History Club. Blue Cards.

Little things affect little minds.



GOULD, ALFRED

Managing Editor of Domino. Junior Arista. Chess Club. Open Forum. Bank Captain. Blue Cards. Associate Editor of Domino. Contributing Editor of Dome.

*How shall I speak of thee, or thy
power address,
Thou God of our idolatry, the
Press?*

GRIMM, RICHARD

Wrestling '30, '31. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate. Interclass Soccer. Blue Cards.

*Wherever valor true is found,
true modesty will there abound.*

GUERNSEY, LLOYD

Pinafore. Choral Training. Track. Swimming. Traffic Squad. Leaders' Club. Audubon Club. Parents' Night Exhibition. Jay Vee Football.

*A man of pleasure is a man of
pains.*

GUIDA, ANTONIO

Dramatics '32. Service Squad '32.

*Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to
defer.*

GUSMANO, VIRGINIA

Pan-American Club. Spanish Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mrs. Wagler. Honor Roll. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Swimming. Tennis.

*Today is all your own, but to-
morrow, God's alone.*

GUSTAFSON, DOROTHY

President of Hearthstone Club. Swimming Pin. Scholarship Pin. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Program Committee. Dramatic Club. G. O. Store.

*Her wit was more than man,
Her innocence of child.*

GYGER, CHRISTINA

Honor Roll. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Vice-President of Commercial Honor Society.

Self-sacrifice is noble, it is true.

HADDOCK, GRACE

Blue Cards. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Secretarial Service Pin.

*Think wisely, weighing word and fact;
But never think too much to act.*

HAEGE, DOROTHEA

Blue Cards. Program Committee.

*Though right is to earn thanks,
true gratitude will live thanks.*

HALLER VIRGINIA (GINGER)

Sword Society. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Secretary of Senior Class. Minor Letters. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Runner-Up Basketball Team. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Self-Denial Captain. Scholarship Pin. P.S.A.L. Pins. G. O. Store.

*Always talking, always laughing,
never glum.*

HANSON, SOPHIE

Dramatics. Dome Captain. G.O. Captain. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Traffic Squad. Teacher's Cafeteria Squad. Latin Club.

*True success is that which makes
Building stone of old mistakes.*

HAUBERT, RUTH

Chevron. P.S.A.L. Pins. Blue Cards. Pan-American Club. Commercial Honor Society.

*Fast or slow I'll reach the top
Birds that cannot fly Hop.*

HAYES, DENIS (DENNY)

Secretary to Mr. Collins. J. V. Baseball '33. Mascot of Baseball '33. Press Representative of Newman Club. Traffic Squad. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Newman Club. Blue Cards. Interclass Basketball. Stoopnocracy '33. Parents' Night Exhibition.

*His sunny smiles drive cares
away.*

HECHT, J. JEAN

Quill. Associate Editor Dome. English Honor Classes 7 and 8. Secretary of Open Forum. History Club. French Club. Engineering Club. Caucus Delegate.

*The pen is mightier than the
sword.*

**HELMUTH, WALLACE**

Varsity Rifle Team '31. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. Cross Country Team. Traffic Squad 90. Engineering Club. Senior Life Saving. Knocks and Boosts Committee. Minor Letters.

A man of pleasing personality.

HENDLER, HELEN

President of Girl Reserves. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Domino Captain. Dome Captain. Program Committee. Red Cross Work.

*True sports have never failed to
train*

Not arm alone but also brain.

HENRY, HARRIET

Dome Captain. Domino Captain. G. O. Captain. P.S.A.L. Pins. Chevrons. Secretary of 5 Term. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Kunitz. Secretary to Miss Leete. Traffic Squad.

*Mind your mark! But make or
break,*

*Mind what mark you mean to
make.*

HERBERT, MARY E.

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. P.S.A.L. Pin. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. G.O. Store. Newman Club. Commercial Club. Chevrons. Blue Cards.

Push on—keep moving.

HERZOG, CHARLES

Blue cards. Interclass Basketball. Minor Letters. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin.

*He is a jolly old fellow—always
cheerful.*

HESS, CLIFFORD

Varsity Rifle. National Rifle Association Awards. Major Letters. P.S.A.L. Medals. Caucus Delegate. Glee Club. Usher at Commencement. Blue Cards.

*My liberty is dukedom large
enough.*

HILLEBRECHT, VIOLA

Dome Captain. Chevrons. Blue Cards.

*By luck the wheel of Fortune may
be turned,*

*But solid reputation has to be
earned.*

HISS, MYRA

Junior Arista. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Secretary to Mr. Yoder. Chevrons. Pan American Club. Blue Cards. *Dome* Captain. *Domino* Captain. Caucus Delegate.

*Who will try to catch the Hare,
When the Deer is standing here?*

HOCHSTATTER, ROBERT

Cross Country team. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Vice-President of Architect Club.

True as the needle to the pole.

HODGES, MIRIAM

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Honor Class. Sword Society. Runner Up Basketball Team. P.S.A.L. Pins. *Dome* Captain. G. O. Captain. Secretary in General Office. Senior Finance Committee. Chairman of Membership Committee in Arista.

*Never idle a moment, but thrifty
and thoughtful of others.*

HOHN, WALTER

Dramatics. Junior Varsity Basketball. History Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Stamp Club.

*Second thoughts, they say, are
best.*

HOLM, NORMA

Junior Arista.

*Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind.*

HORTSMANN, LUHR

Interclass Baseball. Junior Varsity Baseball. Junior Varsity Football. Varsity Football. Varsity Baseball.

*First in the fight and every graceful
deed.*

HURST, ROBERT

Interclass Swimming. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Soccer. Boy Leader of Arista. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins. *Dome* Captain. *Domino* Captain.

*The man that blushes is not
quite a brute.*



JANSON, CHARLOTTE

Treasurer of *Dome*. Circulation Manager of Annex 90. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Swimming Pins. Dramatics. Blue Cards. Captainball. Basketball. Leaders Club.

*In pleasant people cheerfulness
abides.*

JONES, ISABELLE

Chevrons. Captainball. Baseball. Swimming. Sketch Club. Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club.

*And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give
place.*

JOY, DORIS

Spanish Club. Pan American Club. Self-Denial Captain. Chevrons. Swimming Pin.

No Joy is like the Joy of fame.

KAIRATH, HOWARD GEORGE

Swimming Team '30, '31, '32. Senior Life Saving. Major Letter.

*His smiles are full of goodness,
With manly kindness blent,
They're worth a million dollars
Yet they don't cost a cent.*

KANWIT, BERT

Manager of Varsity Basketball '32, '33. Assistant Manager of Varsity Basketball '31, '32. Varsity Tennis '31, '32, '33. Editor-in-chief *Domino* '32, '33. Vice-President 7th Term Class. *Dome* Staff. Junior and Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin 7 terms. Assistant Business Manager *Domino* '30, '31. President English 8 Honor. Will and Testament Committee.

Variety is the spice of life.

KARCH, EMILIE L.

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Chevrons. Hockey. Captainball. Basketball and Swimming. P.S.A.L. Medal. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate. Commercial Club. Self-Denial Captain. G.O. Captain. *Dome* Captain. *Domino* Captain.

You can't tell a book by its cover.

KATZ, SOLOMON

Blue Card. Open Forum Club. History Club. Inter-class Basketball. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

Call me kitty, I'm not quite myself.

KAUTH, SELMA

Blue Card. Chevrons.
*No race is won or lost.
 Before the line is crossed.*

KEENAN, DAPHNE

Blue Card. Chevrons. Dancing.
 Captainball.
*The Union of beauty and purity
 is very rare.*

KEHOE, GERTRUDE

Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Sec-
 retary to Miss Leete. Emergen-
 cy Aid. Program Committee
 (3). Swimming Pins. Blue
 Cards. Swimming. Captainball
 and Tennis Chevrons.
*One loser said the race was
 wrongly run;
 She laughed, and cried again and
 won.*

KEIL, FRED "KU-KU"

Inter-class Basketball. Swim-
 ming team. Glee Club. Wrest-
 ling Team '31, '32, '33. Foot-
 ball Squad '32. Traffic Squad.
 Dome and Domino Captain.
 Blue Cards.
*List—'twas the "KU-KU"—O,
 with what delight—
 Heard I that voice!*

KEIL, KATHERINE (KATHY)

Scholarship (6 terms). English
 Commendation (2, 3). Secre-
 tary to Mr. Ullman. Blue Cards.
 Junior Arista. Senior Arista.
 German Club. Swimming and
 Captainball Chevrons. Caucus
 Delegate. Program Committee.
 Class Gift Committee.
*There is no knowledge that is not
 power.*

KEINER, H. CONRAD

Assistant Editor of the Dome.
 Vice-president of History Club.
 English Honor Class. Class
 Book Editor. Last Will and
 Testament Committee. Engin-
 eering Club. Riding Club.
 Chess Club. Dome Contributor.
*Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.*

KENNY, HELEN

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista.
 Senior Arista. Spanish Honor
 ertificates. English Commenda-
 tions. Bank President. P.S.A.L.
 Medals and Chevrons. Swim-
 ming Pin. Treasurer Spanish
 Club. Editor of 7th term Class-
 book. Blue Cards. Program
 Committee. Newman Club.
*And still they gazed, and still the
 wonder grew
 That one small head could carry
 all she knew.*

**KENYON, RICHARD**

Vice-President. Engineering
 Club. President of Tusitala
 Club. Vice-president of Ama-
 teur Essayist Club. Editor of
 Classbook. Blue Cards. Domino
 and Dome Captain.
*For his heart was in his work,
 and the heart
 Giveth grace until every art.*

KESSLER, CHARLES

Inter-class Soccer '28. Inter-
 Class Basketball. Traffic Squad.
 Dome and Domino Captain.
 Javee Football (Annex 90).
 Caucus Delegate. P.S.A.L. Pin.
*Silence is more eloquent than
 words.*

KLEE, JAMES

Victorian Club. History Club.
 Chess Club. Stamp Club. En-
 gineering Club. Traffic Squad.
 Blue Cards.
*Men are but children of a larger
 growth.*

KLUEG, KENNETH

Stamp Club. Rifle Club. Cam-
 era Club. President Camera
 Club. Secretary Camera Club.
 Photographer Camera Club.
 Chemist Camera Club. Dom-
 ino Photographer. Model Club.
 Blue Cards.
*Cheerful at morn he wakes from
 short repose
 Breathes the keen air, and carols
 as he goes.*

KNOLL, GLADYS (GLAD)

Junior Arista. Senior Arista.
 Scholarship Pins. English Hon-
 ors. English Commendation.
 Secretary to Mr. Ullman. Sec-
 retary to Miss Leete. Program
 Committee. German Club. Se-
 nior P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin.
 P.S.A.L. Medal. Chairman of
 Class Gift Committee. Blue
 Cards.
A fusilade of giggles.

KOEBEL, AMELIA

Blue Cards. Swimming Pins.
 Chevrons.
*The part you play, however small,
 Is greater far than none at all.*

KONSAUKAS, FRANK O.

Tennis Team '32. Handball
 Tournament. Interclass Base-
 ball. Soccer. Basketball. Dom-
 ino Captain. Traffic Squad '29.
*Patience is a necessary ingredient
 of genius.*

KRUEGER, DORIS

Dome and Domino Captain. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mrs. Forster. Chevrons. Swimming. Walking Club. Blue Cards. Commencement Committee. G. O. Captain. Member of Stage Committee '31. Program Committee. Self-Denial Captain. Emergency Aid.

*Nothing underneath the sun
Merely happens. Things are done.*

KUMBERGER, ALBERT

Blue Cards. Inter-Scholastic Baseball. Inter-Scholastic Basketball. *Dome and Domino* Captain.

A noisy man is always in the right.

KYLE, MARGARET

English Honor Commendation. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Treasurer of 4th Term Class. "Pinafore." Mikado and Revival. "Pirates of Penzance." Spring Concerts '31 and '32. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. Program Committee.

Music hath charms.

LAKE, MARJORIE

Spanish Club. Secretary Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mrs. Bryant. Secretary to Mr. Dann. General Office Duty. Tennis and Swimming Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin.

Such joy ambition finds.

LAMBERT, VIVIEN

*A bright, gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn.*

LANDERS, JOHN

Inter-Class Soccer. Baseball. Basketball. Newman Club. Blue Cards.

Beware, I may yet do something sensational.

LAUCKHARDT, PAUL

Blue Cards. Inter-Class Baseball and Soccer. Engineering Club. *Domino* Captain.

*There are few persons who pursue
Science with true dignity.*



LEONARD, ALICE

Swimming Chevrons. Miss Leete's Office. G.O. Store. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mr. Allen. Ring Captain. Pin Captain. Captain of Class Dues. *Smiling and kind you grace a shelf,
Too high for me to reach.*

LEONHARDT, WILLIAM

Inter-Class Basketball. Inter-Class Baseball. Blue Cards. Engineering Club. *For science is like virtue,
Its own exceeding great reward.*

LIEBERMAN, ZARA

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin 7 Times. English Commendation. English Honor Class 8. *Domino* Reporter. General Office. *Dome* Captain. Secretary to Miss Turk. P.S.A.L. Medals. Finance Committee. Secretary of Spanish Club. *Doing good is the only happy action of a man's life.*

LISCIANDRA, ROSE

Basketball. Captainball, *Dome* Captain. *Domino* Captain. Pro-Chevrons. Blue Cards. *Those that think must govern those that toil.*

LURCOTT, MURIEL

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medal. Art Editor of Class Book E7. Secretary to Miss Elder. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Girl Reserve G. O. Caucus Delegate.

LOUGHLIN, FRANK (LOCK)

Domino Columnist. Assistant Editor of Classbook. Caucus Delegate. Model Club. Rifle Club. Traffic Squad. *Domino* Basketball Team. *Dome* Captain. Interclass Debate Team. Interclass Baseball '31, '32. Interclass Basketball '31, '32. Blue Cards. *Labor! all labor is noble and holy
Let thy great deeds be thy prayers to thy God.*

LUTZ, LORETTA

Scholarship Pins. 2. Junior Arista. Bank Clerk. English Commendations. English 7 Class Book Editor. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medals. P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin. Blue Cards. Newman Club. Program Committee. G.O. Caucus Delegate. *And strangers with good cheer receive.*

MADER, ELEANOR (EL)

Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. Captainball. Basketball. Swimming. Usher. Program Committee. Leaders Club. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards.

Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

MAGGIO, BERNARD L.

Blue Cards. Press Club. Fencing Club. French Club. Domino Reporter.

Thought is the measure of life.

MAIN, KATHERINE

Hearthstone Club. Fencing Club. Swimming. Walking. Captainball. Basketball. Tennis. Chevrons.

'Tis sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer.

MALLER, RUTH R.

Secretary to Mr. Dann. Captain of Traffic Squad at Annex 90. Blue Card. Pan-American Club Correspondent. Spanish Club. Secretary to Miss Glen. Chevrons. Dramatic Club. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Captainball Team at Annex.

There's a language in her eye, her cheeks, her lip.

MANNY, BERTHA (BIRDIE)

Walking Club. Domino Captain. Blue Cards.

*What she wills to do or say
Is wisest, virtuous, discreetest,
best.*

MARANGAS, STEPHEN

Domino Captain. Interclass Basketball. Interclass Handball. Airplane Model Club.

Patience all the passion of great hearts.

MAURER, FREDERICK (FRED)

Secretary to Mr. Hoffman.

Hope is the parent of faith.



MAURY, JANE A.

President Terms 4 and 7. Vice-President Term 6. Chairman Commencement Committee, February '33. Dome Captain. Member Student Board. Interclass Basketball '32. Captainball. Swimming. President Class Club 6 and 7. Rifle Club.

I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people.

MAYER, JOHN

Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Domino Floor Manager. Blue Cards. Chemistry Exhibit Open School Night. Interclass Basketball. Stamp Club. G.O. Captain.

*I'll prove the prettiest fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace.*

McCORMACK, RITA

Swimming. Captainball. Blue Cards.

*Tongues I'll ban on every tree
That shall civil sayings show.*

McDERMOTT, CATHERINE

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Program Committee. Miss Leete's Office. Blue Cards. P. S.A.L. Medal. Vice-President of Spanish Club '33. Pan-American Club. Captainball. Basketball. Chevrons.

With a kind word to all.

McDERMOTT, MARGARET (MIDGE)

Swimming. Basketball. Captainball. Hockey. Chevrons. Domino Captain. Flower Committee. Secretary to Miss Schlachter.

*The rugged hair began to fall away;
The sweetness of her eyes did not stay.*

McDERMOTT, VINCENT

Junior Arista. Spanish Club. Domino Captain. Cross Country.

*I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.*

McDONALD, DOROTHY M. (DOT)

Secretary to Miss Königsberg. Senior Commencement Committee '30, '31, '32. Senior Prom Committee '33. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. P. S. A. L. Medal. Chevrons. Hockey. Basketball.

I see how thy eye would emulate the diamond.

McGOWAN, CHARLOTTE A.
(SHARLIE)

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.
P.S.A.L. Medal. Swimming.
Walking. Tennis. Chevrons.

*Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage,
virtue, all that happiness and
prime can happy call.*

MEINDEL, ARTHUR . (ART)

Football '31. Interclass Soccer
'29, '30. Interclass Basketball
'32. Traffic Squad '29, '30,
'32. Dramatic Club. Blue Cards.

*It is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny
mood.*

MELONEY, BARBARA

Junior Arista. Senior Arista.
Scholarship Pin. P.S.A.L. Med-
als. P.S.A.L. Swimming Pins.
English Honor. Chevrons.
Dome Staff. Mikado. Pirates of
Penzance.

*Such sweet compulsion doth in
music lie.*

MERINGOLO, WILLIAM

Baseball Numerals Term 1.
Basketball Bronze Medal. Blue.
Cards. Domino Captain. Ser-
vice Squad.

*Thought in the mind may come
forth gold or dross;
When coin'd in words, we know
its real worth.*

MERKERT, JAMES

Traffic Squad '32, '33. Junior
Varsity Baseball '29. Interclass
Soccer. Blue Cards.

*They also serve who only stand
and wait.*

MILLER, HARRIETT

Junior Arista. Senior Arista.
Scholarship Pins (7). English
Honor Class 7 and 8. English
Commendation. Treasurer of 8
Term. Secretary of 7 Term.
Dome and Domino. Secretary
to Miss Houghton. Spanish
Club. Open Forum. Chairman
Finance Committee.

*Nothing is impossible to a will-
ing heart.*

MILLER, HAROLD (BY-LINE
JAKE)

President of Journalism Club.
President of Press Club. Edi-
tor-in-Chief of English 8 Class-
book. R.H.H.S. Correspondent
World-Telegram. Advocate.

*He's gone, and who knows how
he may part
Thy words by adding fuel to
name.*



MILLER, JOHN P.

Chorus of Mikado. Pirates of
Penzance. Spring Concert '32.
Dome Captain. Domino Cap-
tain. G. O. Captain. Blue
Cards. Commercial Club.

Plays are the mirrors of life.

MILLER, THERESA L.
(TESSIE)

Sword Society. Usher. P.S.A.L.
Medals. P.S.A.L. Swimming
Pins. Runner-up Basketball Pin
'32. Basketball, Baseball, Cap-
tainball Teams. Hockey and
Tennis. Hearthstone Club. Dra-
matics. Blue Cards.

*While we converse with her, we
mark
No want of day, nor think it
dark.*

MOHR, ALICE J.

Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Sen-
ior P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin.
Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate.
Chevrons. Swimming. Walking.

*You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to
me.*

MUGELE, GERTRUDE

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista.
Secretary to Miss Kiso. P.S.A.
L. Swimming Pins. Swimming
Chevrons. Spanish Certificate.

Is she not passing fair?

MULLER, DOROTHY (DOT)

P.S.A.L. Medals. Senior P.S.A.
L. Swimming Medal. Swim-
ming. Basketball. Captainball.
Tennis. Walking. Chevrons.

*The hand of little employment
bath the daintier sense.*

NOE, HAZEL M.

Secretary to Miss Leete. P.S.A.
L. Pins. Junior and Senior P.
S.A.L. Swimming Pins. Bank
Staff. Blue Cards. Caucus Del-
egate. Chevrons. Self Denial
Captain. Captainball. Basket-
ball. Swimming. Walking.

*Her conversation more glad to me
than marble hard.*

NOTO, CHARLES

*Wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a
rugged line.*

NULLMEYER, ELEANOR

Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Honor 8. Junior Arista. Secretary to Miss Walbanke. Blue Cards. Chevrons. Caucus Delegate.

*If height were brains
She'd be a genius.*

OHLSEN, RUTH M.

Hearthstone Club. Captainball Chevron. Swimming Chevron.

The artillery of words.

O'LEARY, GERTRUDE

Scholarship. Junior Arista. English Commendation. Open Forum. Captainball.

*To me more dear, congenial to
my heart,
One native charm; than all the
glass of art.*

OSIAS, VIVIAN H.

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Spanish Club. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Chevrons. Swimming Pins. P.S.A.L. Medal. Commercial Club. Basketball. Blue Cards. Program Committee.

*Her lips are roses over-washed
with dew.*

OSTRO, IRA L.

Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Blue Cards. Assistant to Mr. Thomas. Quill.

Prophecy is no fatalism.

OTT, LOUISE (LULU)

Captainball. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Christmas Play.

*Fill'd with the sense of age, the
fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal
for truth.*

OTTERSTEDT, RUTH

Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Chairman of Flower Committee. Ring and Pin Captain. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Blue Cards. Program Committee. English Honor 8 Class. P.S.A.L. Medals. Chevrons.

Ambition has no rest.



PARADISE, CONSTANCE

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. English Commendation. Office Duty for Mr. Atwater. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Secretary to Miss Schlachter. Blue Cards. Hearthstone Club.

*Sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made
on thee.*

PATELLO, TOMMY (NIG)

Wrestling Team '31, '32. Champion Interclass Basketball '32.

*It is the first time that ever I
heard breaking of ribs was sport
for ladies.*

PERSON, HELEN

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Secretary General Office. Secretary to Miss De Hondt. Secretary of Commercial Club. Spanish Club. Pan American Club. Caucus Delegate. Program Committee.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

PFLEGER, KATHRYN

Junior Arista. Choral Training. Chorus of Pinafore. Mikado. Secretary to Mr. Wood. Blue Cards. Pirates of Penzance. Spring Concerts '31 and '32.

*To me, there is none like you
but yourself.*

PHILLIPS, EDNA R.

Dome and Domino Captain. Floor Manager of Dome. Treasurer of Dome. Business Manager of Dome. Last Will and Testament. Secretary to Miss Ludewig, Mrs. Walter, Miss Leete.

*The measure of capacity is the
measure of sphere to either man
or woman.*

PINE, ROBERT (BOB)

Cross Country Team '31 '32. Captain Cross Country Team '33. Inter-Class Baseball. Dome Captain. Inter-Class Basketball. Vice-President First Term Class. Domino Captain. Traffic Squad.

*The purest exercise of health,
The kind refreshing of the summer
beats.*

PODNUS, SELMA

Scholarship Pin. Secretary of Sketch Club. Craft Club. Assistant Art Editor of Dome. Domino Staff. Manager of Girls Tennis Tournament. P. S. A. L. Medals. Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Johnston.

*No wild enthusiast ever yet could
rest
Till half mankind were like himself
possess'd.*

POHLMAN, CAROLYN R.

Sword Society. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Assistant to Miss Levy. Junior Life Saving P.S.A.L. Swimming Pins. P.S.A.L. Medals. Swimming Medal. Scholarship Pins. Spanish Club. Knocks and Boosts Committee.

There is only one proof of ability—action.

POLSKY, SYLVIA

Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin. Swimming Chevrans. Program Committee. Pan-American Student League. Secretary to Miss Galbraith.

Her actions speak much stronger than my pen.

QUACKENBUSH, GARRISON (GARY)

Traffic Squad. Interclass Baseball. Self Denial Captain. G.O. Captain.

Extremes in nature equal good produce.

RAPPOLT, EDWARD

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chess Club. Editor-in-Chief of Class Book. Squad Leader. Who's Who Committee. Caucus Delegate.

Men are men; the best sometimes forget.

RAVITZ, LUCILLE

That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer.

REICHARDT, THEODORE

Blue Cards. Dome Captain. Domino Captain. Service Squad. Handball. Inter-Class Baseball.

Happy and carefree the livelong day.

REINER, ELEANOR

President of the Dramatic Club 90. Blue Cards. Editor of class-book. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Briscoll. Basketball and Swimming Chevrans. Secretary of Pan-American Club '32 and '33. Dome and Domino Captain. Traffic Duty.

Friend to all, enemy to none.



REINHARDT, KENNETH

Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Service Squad. Glee Club. Camera Club. Stamp Club. Domino Captain. Secretary to Mr. Kanwit.

Diligence is the mother of success.

REMMERS, GERTRUDE E.

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Red Cross Junior Life Saver. Swimming Pins. P.S.A.L. Medal and Chevrans. Dome Captain. Student Commencement Committee. Assistant Publisher Class-book English 8. Dramatic and Latin Societies. Delegate to G. O. Caucus.

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair?

REYNOLDS, ROBERT (BOB)

Transferred from Brooklyn Technical High School.

The twinkle in his eye is enough to show you that he is a keen Irish wit.

RICHARDS, VIOLET E.

Swimming Chevrans. Blue Cards. Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. English 8 Honor Class. Secretary of Latin Club. Desk Assistant in Library. G. O. Captain.

A quiet little soul dwelling among us.

RIECK, JOSEPHINE (JOE)

Junior Arista. English 6 Commendation. Bank Clerk 2 years. P.S.A.L. Chevrans. Captain Ball. Treasurer of Spanish Club. Blue Cards. Program Committee.

An open hearted maiden, true and pure.

RINGS, GEORGE

Caucus Delegate. Stamp Club. Model Club. Inter-class Basketball.

The mildest manners and the gentlest heart.

RIZZUTO, ROSE

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. Chevrans. P. S. A. L. Medal. Commercial Club.

Love, sweetness, goodness in her shines.

ROBINSON, HAMILTON

Secretary to Mr. Beadle. Inter-Class Baseball. P. S. A. L. Pin. Blue Cards. *Dome*, *Domino* and Self-Denial Captain.

Genius speaks out and the world hears.

RODE, EMIL

Inter-class Baseball. Class Numerals. Orchestra 56 and 90. Inter-class Handball. Architecture Club. *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards.

He has a common sense in a way that is uncommon.

ROPER, MILLARD V.

Soccer '30. Inter-class Basketball and Baseball. Quill. Oratorical Contest. Leader. Dramatics. P.S.A.L. Medals.

I am not witty myself but the cause of wit in others.

ROPPOLO, CHARLES

Inter-class Handball. Art Club. Art Editor of Class Book. Physics Club. Blue Cards.

A man of few words but much thought.

ROPPOLO, STEPHEN

Inter-class Handball. Art Editor of Class Book. Art Club. Shop Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

A wise man thinks all he says, a fool says all he thinks.

ROSENBERG, EDWARD (ED)

His speech is silver, his silence is golden.

ROSENTHAL, ALVIN (AL)

Junior Arista. Model Club. Chess Club. Stamp Club.

He needs no foil but shines by his own proper light.



SACKETT, VIRGINIA (GINNIE)

Secretary to Mr. Atwater 2 years. Captain of Traffic Squad. Annex 90. Office Assistant to Miss Glasser. Secretary to Miss Beers. Usher. Chevrons. P.S.A. L. Swimming Pin. Official Class President of Class 4 and 6. Blue Cards. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

Nature's most beautiful piece of architecture is a woman.

SALLEY, HARRY

Inter-class Baseball, Basketball and Soccer. Camera Club. *Domino* Captain.

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

SALMOWITZ, HAZEL

Chevrons, Basketball, Captain ball, and Swimming. P.S.A.L. Medal. Secretary in General Office. Blue Cards. *Domino* Captain. Girl Reserves.

She has the face of an angel, but there's the devil in her eyes.

SANDLER, JACK

Junior Varsity Football '29, '30 and '31. Inter-Class Soccer. Traffic Squad. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. G. O. Captain.

The end is easily in view.

SANTA MARIA, VINCENT (SANTA)

Associate Editor of English 6 Class Book. G. O. Captain. Scholarship Pin. English 8 Honor Class. Senior Arista. Knocks and Boosts Committee.

What should a man do but be merry?

SCARISBRICK, ANITA

Chevrons. Dancing. Basketball. Captain Ball. and Swimming. Secretary to Miss Robeson and Miss McLaughlin. Class Secretary to Mr. Briscoll and Dr. Corson. *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Girl Reserves.

A smile to everyone.

SCHEUER, DOROTHY (DOT)

Domino Captain. Chevrons. Blue Cards. Swimming Pins. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate.

With truth and purity go other gifts.

SCHEUER, MELVILLE

Former John Adams. Traffic Squad. Inter-class Baseball and Soccer. Service Squad. *Domino* Captain. Blue Card.

Nothing seems to disturb the even tenor of his ways.

SCHIMKOWITZ, ALFRED (AL)

Former John Adams. Glee Club. Gym and Locker Room Secretary.

A light hearted and content youth wandering through the world.

SCHLATTER, HELEN L.

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Secretary to Mr. Silvestro. G. O. Store.

She always appreciates a good joke, not immediately, it's true, but eventually.

SCHLEGEL, DOROTHY (DOT)

Blue Cards. Chevrons. Bank Staff. Basketball. Captain Ball. Swimming. P.S.A.L. Pins. *Domino* Captain.

Firm, conscientious and true.

SCHMITT, MARION

General Office Duty. Secretary to Mr. Dann. Secretary to Miss McLaughlin. Blue Cards. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Christmas Play '31.

Her childish morals will never be corrupted.

SCHNEIDER, ALFRED (AL)

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Inter-class Baseball. Basketball. G. O. Captain. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards. Print Shop.

Happy am I, from care I'm free, why aren't they all contented like me.

SCHNEPEL, DOROTHY (DOT)

Blue Cards. Secretary to Miss Reed. Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. G. O. Caucus Delegate. P.S.A.L. Swimming Pin. Swimming Chevrons. Captain Ball Chevrons.

The way of women: When you will they won't, and when you won't they're dying to.



SCHNYDER, MARGARITA

Basketball, Baseball, Captainball, and Swimming Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medals. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Caucus Delegate. Pan-American Club. Inter-High School German Glee Club.

If brains were lumber, she'd possess a forest.

SCHLOPP, JOHN

Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards.

All the world is pleased with a cheerful fellow.

SCHREINER, WARREN

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista.

Just a fellow of our sort.

SCHULZ, MARIE

Junior Arista. Swimming Chevrons. Blue Cards. *Domino* Captain.

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.

SCHWARZ, ELIZABETH (BETTY)

Secretary to Mr. Dann and Mr. Atwater. Blue Cards. Chevrons for Swimming. Traffic Squad. Girl Reserves.

She has an indefinite charm about her.

SEARBY, EVELYN

Swimming, Captainball, Basketball Chevrons. Office Duty. Hearthstone Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards.

She is as good a little creature as can be.

SEIDELMAN, JUNE

Assistant to Miss Feise. Chevrons.

Friendliness is the keynote of her nature.

SEIDL, RUTH

P.S.A.L. Medals. Chevrans for Tennis, Basketball, Captainball and Swimming. Blue Cards. "Mikado" Spring Concerts of '31 and '32. Usher in "Pirates of Penzance." Secretary to Mrs. Stevens. Traffic Squad. Captain of Self-Denial. G. O. Captain. Caucus Delegate.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

SEISMAN, ISABELLE (IZZY)

Blue Cards. Captainball, basketball and swimming Chevrans. Swimming Pin. P.S.A.L. Medal. Orchestra. Art Editor of English Classbook '32.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose.

SESLOWE, DIANA

Walking Club. Captainball. Office Duty. Secretary to Miss Kiso and Mr. Smith. Chevrans. Blue Cards.

The laughter of girls is and ever was, among the delightful sounds of the earth.

SETTGAS, ROBERT (BUD)

Cafeteria Squad 3 years. Poster Club. Travel Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. G. O. Delegate. Art Editor of Classbook. Blue Cards.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

SHAPIRO, RICHARD

Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. French and Engineering Clubs. Last Will and Testament Committee. *Domino* Floor Captain. Inter-class Basketball. English Honor Class. Secretary to Miss Hickey. Caucus Delegate.

*Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in clarity.*

SHELLEY, EDWARD (EDDIE)

Candidate for G. O. Office. Blue Cards. Locker Room Secretary. Dramatic Club '29, '30, and '31. Class Numerals. Inter-class Baseball, Basketball, Football and Soccer. Swimming and Tennis.

T'is said that he is a Romeo when there's a Juliet around.

SHOEMAKER, ROBERT (BOB)

Basketball '31, '32, '33. Captain Queen Champions '33. Baseball '32 and '33. Golf '31. Inter-class Basketball and Handball Medals. Junior Arista. Baseball, Basketball and School-room too.

Is there anything now that Bob can't do?

**SHUSTER, GRACE**

Secretary to Dr. Thomas. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Medal. Swimming Chevrans. Swimming Pins. G. O. Staff.

A quiet, gentle, heart of good conscience.

SICOLI, ANTHONY (ARTIE)

Medal for Inter-Class Basketball. Junior Varsity Baseball. Blue Cards. Class Numerals for Basketball.

Forever faithful to the "Wolf Boys."

SIEGEL, REBECCA (REA)

Scholarship Pins. Junior Arista. Chevrans. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Medals. Pan-American Club. Caucus Delegate. Secretary to Mr. Atwater, Mrs. Byron, and Mrs. Goetcheus. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain.

Sweet personality, full of rascality.

SLOTCHEN, MAXINE (PEANUTS)

Secretary to Miss McLaughlin. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrans.

She lacks no kindly warmth.

SMITH, MARION

Chevrans. P.S.A.L. Medals. Swimming Pin. Program Committee. *Dome* Captain. G. O. Captain. Blue Cards. Hearthstone.

She is a perpetual fountain of good sense.

SNYDER, DOROTHY (DOT)

Blue Cards. English 7 Honor Class. Assistant Secretary in Miss Galbraith's Office. Swimming. Junior Honor League.

A phantom of delight.

SOHL, FREDERICK

Orchestra 4 years. English Honor Roll 4 times. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. English Honor Class.

*Blessings on thee, little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can.*

SOVIERO, ANGELO

Inter-Class Baseball and Basketball. French Club. Chess Club. Blue Cards. Choral Training. Traffic Squad.

Rise, for the day is passing and make all your dreams come true.

SPERBER, WALTER F.

Blue Cards. Honor Roll. Honor League.

Never idle a moment but busy and thoughtful of others.

STARKE, ERNEST

Inter-Class Baseball. Usher at Class Night. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

STEIN, ARTHUR

P.S.A.L. Pins. Garden Club. Chess and Checker Club. Chemistry Club. Rifle Club. Commendation Cards.

Silence is a true friend who never betrays.

STEINHAGEN, FRANCES

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevron. Hearthstone Club. Choral Training. G. O. Captain.

*For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.*

STERN, SYLVIA

Knocks and Boosts Committee. Student Dress Committee. Junior Arista. Secretary in General Office. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Secretary to Mrs. Carstens. Basketball. Captainball. Swimming Chevrans. Blue Cards. Domino. Self-Denial Captain.

Grace reads in all her steps, in every gesture, dignity, and love.

STITCH, THELMA

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Quill. Orchestra. Dome and Domino Captain and Staff. Treasurer 7th Term. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. English Honor Class 7 and 8. English Commendation.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.



STRNAD, FRANCES

Girls' Rifle Team '30, '31, '32. P.S.A.L. Medals and Swimming Pins. Cover and Design for English Handbook. Illustration for Silver Quill. Art Editor of English 6 newspaper and English 8 Classbook. Caricature Senior Dome June, '32.

*If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.*

STROMBERG, LILLIAN E.

English Commendation. Scholarship Pin. English Honor 8. Blue Cards. G. O. Staff. Swimming Chevrans. Honor Roll. Program Committee. Delegate to Caucus.

O, Happiness of sweet retired content.

STUBER, HARRY L.

Dramatics. Polo Team. Minor Letters for Baseball. Blue Cards. Traffic Squad.

I strike the stars with my sublime head.

STUDLEY, RUTH S.

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrans. Secretary to Mr. Campbell.

Zealous, yet modest.

SUESSLE, RUTH S.

Vice-President of Senior Class. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Chevrans and P. S. A. L. Medals. Blue Cards. English Commendations. English Honor 7. German Club. Swimming Pins. Last Will and Testament Committee.

An athlete, scholar and friend.

SZEKELY, MARGARET

Miss Leete's Office. Tennis Championship Letter. Program Committee. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Pins. Self-Denial Captain. G. O. Captain. P.S.A.L. Captainball Championship Letter. Hearthstone Club.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition.

THOMAS, BEATRICE

Basketball. Swimming Award. Chevrans. P.S.A.L. Pins. English Commendations. Blue Cards. Junior Arista.

*Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.*

THOMPSON, DOROTHY

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Miss Metz. Traffic Squad. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. Caucus Delegate.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

THORESON, GRACE

Secretary to Miss Barber. Editor of 7th term Classbook. Leaders Club. Swimming Chevrons. Captainball. Walking Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Choral Training. Caucus Delegate. Self-Denial Captain. *Deep in her heart the passion glows;*

She loves and loves forever.

TIEDMANN, FLORENCE L.

Walking Club. Swimming Chevrons. Audubon Society. *Whose nature is so far from doing harm*
That she suspects none.

TINT, ALENE

Captain of *Dome* and *Domino*. Traffic Squad. Riding Club. Tennis. Blue Cards. Delegate to Caucus. G. O. Store Staff. Office Duty Annex 56. *She moves a goddess and she walks a queen.*

TREIBER, RUTH K.

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Sword Society. Blue Cards. English Honor Class 7. Chevrons and P.S.A.L. Medals. Secretary in Gen. Office. German Club. Treasurer of 5th Term. Swimming Pins. Who's Who Committee. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. *A smile goes a long, long way.*

TRIEBE, EDNA

English Honor Class 7. English Commendation. Who's Who Committee. Program Committee. Blue Cards. Basketball, Captainball, Swimming Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medals. German Club. *For they can conquer who believe they can.*

TROST, KATHERINE
(KITTY)

Secretary to Mr. Smith. Blue Cards. Chevrons. English Honor Class 7. *A cheek tinged lightly, and a dovelike eye,*
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.



TROTTIER, RALPH (TROT)

Orchestra (2 years). Annex Traffic Squad. Stamp Club. Inter-class Baseball. *Domino* Captain. Junior Arista. English Commendation.

Silence is the genuine of fools, and one of the virtues of the wise.

TURNER, MYRTLE

She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

WAGNER, EDYTH (LITTLE EDYTH)

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Honor Classes 7 and 8. English Commendation 4 and 6. Bank Clerk. Program Committee. Swimming Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Leete. French Club. Commercial Club. Pan-American Club.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

WAGNER, GEORGE

Arista Assembly Speaker. Philatelic Society. Journalism Club. Scholarship Pin. Rifle Club. Blue Card. Junior Arista. Engineering Club. *Domino* Captain. Interclass Baseball '30. *When well at ease and happy, live content;*
And then consider why that life was lent.

WALDRON, FRANCIS
(DUTCH)

From Brooklyn Technical High School. Baseball '32, '33. Captain Baseball '33. Football '32. Major R's (3). *A hardy race of mortals, trained to sports;*
The field then joy, unpolished yet by courts.

WALDVOGEL, EDWIN

Traffic Squad. Camera Club. Open Forum. German Club. Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. Print Squad. *He speaks not all he thinks.*

WEDERHOLT, FRANK

President of Eighth Term Official Class. Manager of Tennis Team '31, '32. Riding Club '30, '31. Winner of Riding Cup for Horse Show in '30. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Interclass Baseball. Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards. Floor Manager for *Dome*. Major R's. *Style is the dress of thoughts.*

WEIL, ALBERTA

Secretary to Mr. Dann, Miss Elder, Miss Barten. General Office Duty. Riding Medal. G. O. Caucus Delegate. Blue Cards. Dramatics. Christmas Play '31. Chevrons. Swimming. *And rank for her, meant duty various.*
Yet equal in its worth done worthily.

WEINBERG, JOHN

P.S.A.L. Pin. Interclass Basketball. English Honor Class. English Commendation. Blue Cards Secretary to Mr. O'Connell. Baseball Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Senior Finance Committee. Editor of Class Book. Traffic Squad. Caucus Delegate.
Quality not quantity.

WEINMAN, FRED

Interclass Basketball. P.S.A.L. P. T. Squad Leader. Traffic Squad. Rifle Club. *Dome* and *Domino* Captain. Blue Cards. *The best of men have ever loved repose.*

WEINGETZ, FREDERICK W.

Blue Cards. Junior Arista. Secretary to Mr. Collins. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Secretary of Philatelic Society. Autograph Club. 1st Prize Stamp Exhibition. 1st Prize Stamp Essay Contest. G. O. Caucus Delegate.
Activity is liable to commit some injuries; but indolence is sure to do no good.

WEISMAN, ALICE

Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin. Blue Cards. English Commendation. Secretary to Mr. Dann. Secretary to Miss MacLaughlin. General Office Work.
The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes but in liking what one has to do.

WEISS, JOSEPH

Swimming Team '30, '31. Minor Letters. P.S.A.L. Pin. Traffic Squad. Floor Manager of *Dome*. Junior Prom Dance Committee. Secretary to Miss Glen.
Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall.

WENK, CORTLAND (CORTY)

Glee Club. Annex 56 Track Team. Blue Cards. Commercial Club. Secretary to Mr. Collins. Interclass Basketball.
Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

**WERNER, ALLEN**

Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Editor of Class Book.
*An age that meets with unperceived decay,
And slides in modest innocence.*

WERNER, GERTRUDE

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. English Honor Classes 7 and 8. English Commendation 3 and 4. Scholarship Pins. Basketball and Swimming Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Medal. Program Committee. German Club. Secretary to Miss Dithridge.
Attain the unattainable.

WESTON, GEORGE

Captain Tennis Team '33. President of Commercial Honor Society. Major R. Championship Interclass Basketball Team '29. Wrestling Team '30. Interclass Soccer. Print Squad. Engineer's Club. Junior Arista.
*So much can one man do,
That does both act and know.*

WHITE, CHARLES

Blue Cards. Classbook Editor. Dramatic Club. English Honor 8. English Commendation. English Honor Roll. Junior Arista. Scholarship Pin.
Silence is becoming to the wise.

WILLIAMS, MARY C.

Junior Arista. Senior Arista. Scholarship Pins. English Commendations. English Honor 7 and 8. Associate Editor of Class Book. G. O. Staff. Secretary to Miss Dithridge. P. S. A. L. Pins. Last Will and Testament Committee. Program Committee.
Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

WILLIAMS, RITA

Swimming Chevrons. Walking Club '31. Captain Ball. Girl Reserves Club.
*While our hearts are pure
Our lives are happy and peace is sure.*

WILLIAMSON, WILLIAM

P.S.A.L. Pins. Interclass Basketball. Blue Cards. Track Team. English Honor 7. English Commendation. Junior Arista. Camera Club.
*Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man but don't be worked to death.*

WILLIS, FLORENCE

Blue Cards. Swimming Chevrons. Secretary to Miss Voorhees.

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek.

Pleads your fair usage.

WISHNOVSKY, HELEN

Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Dome and Domino Captain. Chevrons. P.S.A.L. Pins. Newman Club. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Behn. Basketball. Tennis.

What! fair and young, and faithful too?

A miracle if this be true.

WOOD, GERTRUDE T.

Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Scholarship Pin. Junior Arista. Senior Arista. English Commendations. Blue Cards. P.S.A.L. Medal. Swimming. Basketball. Captainball. Program Committee.

An able Woman shows her spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; She is neither timid nor bold.

WOODIN, AUDREY

From Pelham High School. Hockey. Basketball.

They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem

Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

WORDEN, CHARLES

Vice-President and Secretary of Hi-Y Club. Cross Country Team '32. Chess Club. Stamp Club. English Commendation. Scholarship Pin. Secretary to Mr. O'Connell. Candidate for G.O. Office. Blue Cards.

The force of his own merit, makes his way.

WRIGHT, CLAIRE

Girl Leader of Senior Arista. Junior Arista. Sword Society. Secretary to Mr. Atwater. Minor Letters. Scholarship Pins. Basketball Runner-up Team. Cafeteria Squad. Traffic Squad. Annex 90. Program Committee. English Honor 8. French Club.

A combination that's hard to beat,

A scholar and an athlete.

WUENSCH, CHARLOTTE

EDNA

Sketch Club. Mikado Cast. Pirates of Penzance Cast. From Newtown High School.

Her air, her manners, all have admir'd.

**WUNTCH, ADELLE**

Junior Arista. Blue Cards. P.S. A.L. Medal. Chevrons. Bank Staff. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. G. O. Store Staff. Program Committee. Pan American Club. Spanish Club. Girl Reserves. Dome and Domino Captain.

As she thinketh in her heart, so is she.

YESELSON, DAVID

Track Team '31, '32. Cross-Country Team '31, '32. R. H. Letters. Interclass Basketball. Leaders Club. Camera Club. Class Book Editor. English Honor 8. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

*All things are big with jest, no thing that is plain,
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.*

ZAHNLEUTER, HELEN

Vice President of Girl Reserves. Hearthstone Club. Pan-American Club. P.S.A.L. Medal. Captainball. Swimming. Walking. Captainball Pin. Secretary to Miss Bleimeyer. G. O. Caucus Delegate. English Commendations. Annex Domino Representative.

*She is so free, so apt, so kind,
so blessed a disposition,
She holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is.*

ZELDIS, ADELE

President of Spanish Club. Senior Arista. English Honor 8. English Commendation. Class Book Editor. Pan-American Club. Secretary to Mr. Foster. Secretary to Mrs. Byron. Scholarship Pins. Girl Reserves. Domino Captain.

*To her, welcome ever smiles—
And farewell goes out sighing.*

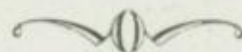
ZINCKE, MARJORIE

Dome and Domino Captain. Blue Cards. Secretary to Mr. Stevenson. Secretary to Miss Galbraith. Swimming.

A lovely lady garmented in light.

ZUSS, SIDNEY

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.



CARBONE, ALFONSO (AL.)

Varsity Baseball '33. Junior Arista (3). Blue Card. Scholarship Pin.

'Tis better to be brief than tedious.

D'ALAURO, AMEDEO

Interclass Soccer. Dramatics. Glee Club. Blue Cards.

A wise man never loses anything if he has himself.

DALY, PETER (PETE)

Dome and Domino Captain. Junior Arista. Interclass Baseball and Soccer. Glee Club. Traffic Squad. Blue Cards.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he is all mirth.

DEDORMENICA, ELIZABETH

Generosity is the power of justice.

DEFORGE, GWENDOLYN

Fourth Term Student Leader. General Office Duty. Self-Denial and Domino Captain. Secretary to Mr. Abrams. Blue Cards.

*The world was sad, the garden was wild,
And the hermit sighed "till she smiled."*

GRAF, FRED

Harmony in uproar.

GRIEGER, GEORGE

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

HIRSCH, SIDNEY

He held his seat—a friend to human race.

KATZ, MARTIN

Football '32.
Nay, his foot speaks.

LEVASHEFF, VLADIMIR

I am a part of all that I have met.

OSWALD, "OZZIE" AL

P.S.A.L. Pins. Interclass Basketball. Secretary of English Class. Band '31.

He wanted a peg to hang his thoughts upon.

STEBBINS, FRANK

Interclass Baseball Championship '31. Junior Varsity Basketball '31. Varsity Basketball '32, '33. Inter-class Swimming. P.S.A.L. Pins. Traffic Squad. Inter-class Baseball.

As steadfast as a tower that doth not bend its stately summit to the tempest's shock.

STEUERNAGLE, CHARLES

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.



AUTOGRAPHS



We, the members of the graduating class of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-three, having been examined by eight psycho-analysts, twenty nine registered and practising physicians, and one veterinary doctor, and having been found sane and sound physically and mentally, do hereby duly declare this to be our:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

To Miss Galbraith—We leave the incoming freshmen to work her charms on.

To Mr. Atwater—We leave Jean Harlow and Greta Garbo to take the place of Betty Schwarz and Ginny Sackett as his secretaries.

To Dr. Thomas—We leave a box of rubber matches which can be chewed permanently.

To Miss Koch—Anne Alff and Madelyn Brewster leave a large supply of pencils with everlasting rubbers. May she erase to her heart's content!

To Dr. Corson—We leave megaphones to be distributed to his delicate-voiced pupils.

To Mr. Landers—We leave a glass blackboard so that the class can see him go through it.

To Miss Walbancke—We leave a detective to find out where the missing supplies are.

To Mr. Briscoe—We leave a book of new negro anecdotes.

To Mr. Donnelly—We leave a de-Cantor.

To Mr. Foote—Ruth Suessle leaves make-up kits to be distributed to the girls in his class.

To Mr. Campbell—Conrad Keiner leaves a voltmeter that can be hooked up in series.

To Miss Barber—We leave a pair of shears to use on class night programs.

To Mrs. Walter—We leave some intelligent students.

To Mrs. Bryant—Joe Bender leaves his title of professor to give to someone else.

To Miss MacLaughlin—We leave hopes for brighter Senior Arista students.

To Mrs. Foster—We leave a new toothbrush for her dog.

To Coach Kunitz—We leave another Millard Roper.

To Miss Osheroff—We leave a subject that will distract her classes' attention from her.

To Mr. Behn—George Bischoff leaves a list of hard questions to annoy some other unsuspecting student with.

To Mr. Yoder—We leave a physics and a German textbook.

To the G. O.—Jack Fisher leaves the office of the presidency reluctantly.

To Mr. Schlosser—We leave some students who will pay their debts.

To Louis Rub—We leave a lasso to help him drag teachers off the lesson.

To the Greeks—We leave a word for it.

To Frank Pascal—We leave a pamphlet on how to "cut" successfully.

To the cafeteria—We leave a recipe for mashed potatoes that does not include flour.

To the library—We leave the remaining books.

To Mr. Dann—We leave our gratitude for his insistence on the kind of scholarship that produces graduates.

Knockem, Knockem and Howe
Attorneys-at-law.

1933 In Song

Sweet and Lovely—Miss Lura B. Galbraith

Stormy Weather—Mr. John C. Atwater

Falling Star—Dutch Waldron

Shuffle Off to Buffalo—Dick Foote

Night and Day—Millard Roper

You've Got Me Crying Again—Miss Leete

Have You Ever Been Lonely?—Edna Phillips

Minnie the Moocher—Chris Baum

Wintergreen for President—Jack Fisher

Shine on Your Shoes—Frank Wederholt

As You Desire Me—Ginny Sackett

You're Getting to be a Habit With Me—Cutta Class

Marsellaise—George Denais

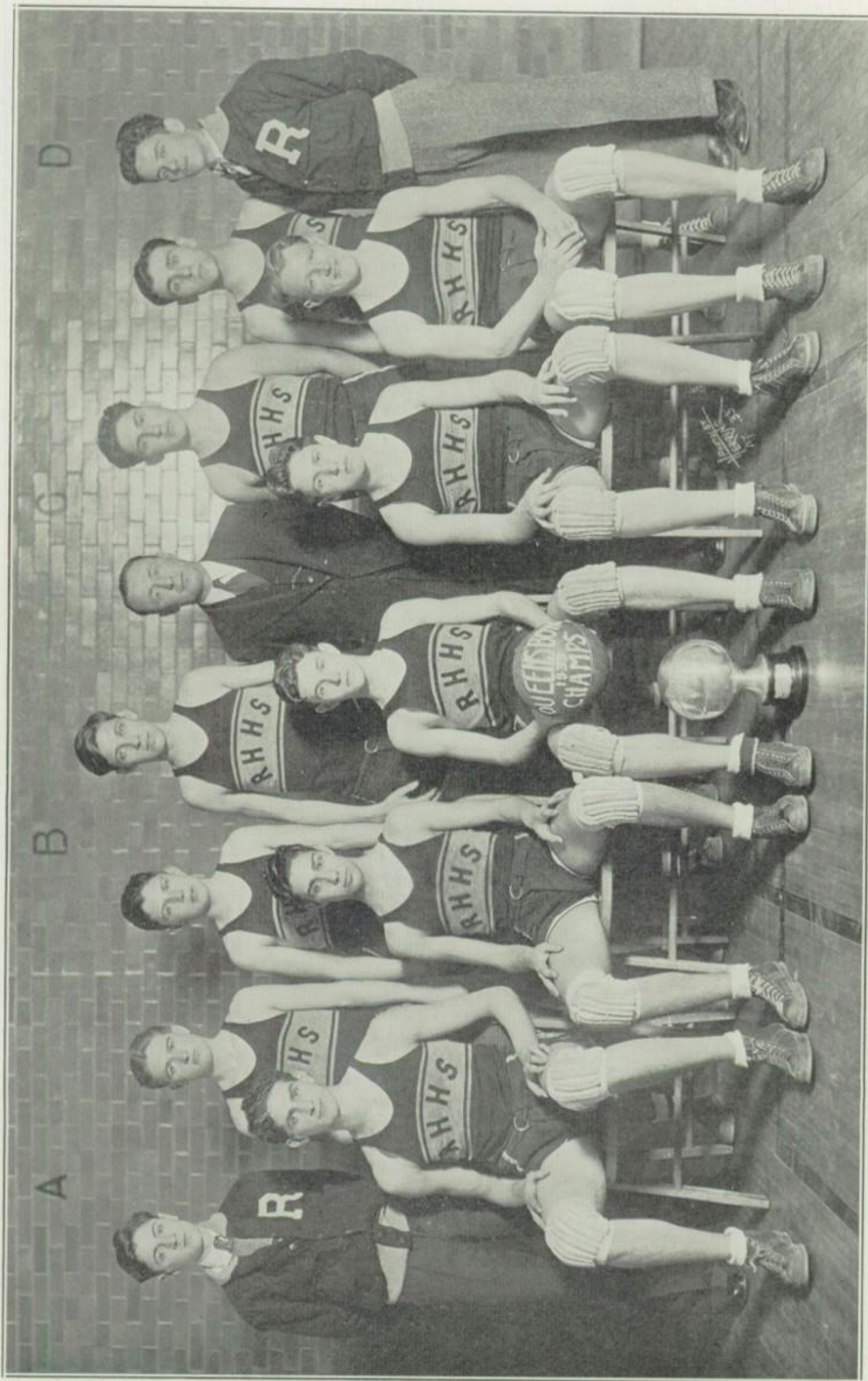
I Wake Up Smiling—George Weston

The Girl In the Little Red Hat—Yvonne Barre

Alexander's Ragtime Band—Jerry

Sleepy Time Gal—Violet Richards

Of Thee I Sing—Richmond Hill



Left to Right Standing—Alexander, Benzenberg, Joos, Stebbins, Coach M. G. Byers, Thomases, Palombella, Kanwit
Left to Right Seated—Sherman, Stabile, Shoemaker, Lloyd, Carlson

NE'ER TO FORGET

By
ZARA LIEBERMAN

ECONOMICS

Barter—"You give me your homework; I'll give you mine."
Installment Buying—Purchasing our DOMES.
Black List—In the Girls' Emergency Room.
Clearing House—The offices of Mr. Atwater and Miss Leete.
Infant Industries—Civics, Biology, General Science.
Mass Production—Amateur presentation of Macbeth.
Recovery—Our summer vacations.
Law of Diminishing Returns—Our test marks as the weeks go by.

AMERICAN HISTORY

Big Business—Senior Prom Bid Sale.
Critical Period—Regents week.
Currency Problems—Senior Dues, Self-denial, G. O. dues.
Economic Conferences—G. O. Student Board Meetings.
Emancipation Proclamation—Our diplomas.
Freedom of Speech—What we don't have in Hazen Hall.
Know-Nothing Party—The Seniors.
Period of Immigration—September 9, 1929.

ENGLISH

"Fling us a handful of Stars"—Give us the teachers we want.
"Hence, home, you idle creatures, get you home"—Teachers on guard duty at 3:00 P. M.
"And what is so rare as a day in June"—Commencement Day.
"The quality of mercy is not strained"—Advice to teachers.
"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow"—When we do our homework.
"And saved a great cause that heroic day"—Dutch Waldron at the John Adams game.
"I have a rendezvous with Death"—REGENTS.
"Farewell! Farewell!"—The class of June, 1933.

Thirty Three's Thirty Three

Name	Answers to	Should Be	Famous For	Weakness	Destination
Alexander	Jerry	Jerome	His line	Dance Floors	Barnard
Bender	Joe	Joseph	Cheering	Himself	St. John's
Chapin	Herb	Herbert	Clothes	GINNY Sackett	Temple
Denais	Denny	George	Speech	France	French Teacher
Devine	Fluffy	Edward	Dignity	Curls	English Prof.
Doering	Dot	Dorothea	Dancing	Schlusser's	One of the unemployed
Ellerbrush	Johnny	John	High Stepping	Cupid	A happy husband
Fisher	Jack	John	Holding Offices	Speech Making	Speaker of the House
Footie	Dick	Richard	Stage-managing	Switchboards	Music Hall
Gannon	Bill	William	Oratory	Talking	Politician
Hecht	J. Jean	Joseph	Poetry	Betty	Columbia
Hodges	Mimi	Miriam	Cafeteria	Mr. Clegg	Chemistry Teacher
Hurst	Bob	Robert	Smile	Ambition	N. Y. U.
Kanwit	Bert	Bertram	Wit	Cheer Leaders	Michigan
Keiner	H. Conrad	Harry	Corporation	Disraeli's Poetry	Dartmouth
Lieberman	"Z"	Zara	High Marks	General Office	Spanish Teacher
Maury	Everyone's Ideal	Jane	Popularity	Her Lingo	A Lady Senator
Meloney	Babs	Barbara	Singing	"Can't you hear me calling, Caroline"?	Gilbert and Sullivan
Miller	Every Request	Harriett	Service	Publication Office	Operettas
Miller	Tessie	Theresa	Sports	Sweets	Commercial Correspondent
Reiner	Peanuts	Eleanor	Fashion Plate	Colored Shoes	Olympics
Richards	Vi	Violet	Dreaming	Tall Blonds	Buyer for Russeks
Sackett	GINNY	Virginia	"It"	Mr. Atwater	?
Schwarz	Betty	Elizabeth	Cuteness	Redheads	Hollywood
Stern	Bubbles	Sylvia	Entertainment	"Mamie at the Movies"	Lady of leisure
Stitch	Stitchie	Thelma	Orchestra	Tennis	The Stage
Suessle	Ruthie	Ruth	Bored Expression	Certain basketball players	Brooklyn
Waldron	Dutch	Francis	Sports	Football	Unknown
Wederholt	Dutch	Frank	Personality	R.H.H.S.—P.G.	Coach of our Alma Mater
Werner	Every Question	Gertrude	Scholarship	Quietness	We're sure he'll stick
Weston	Flit	George	Dog Collar	Tottie	Phi Beta Kappa
Wright	Tottie	Claire	Her Height	West (on)	Davis Cup Team
Zeldis	Addy	Adele	Spanish Club	Philadelphia	Who knows? History Teacher



Jack Fisher

MOST
POPULAR

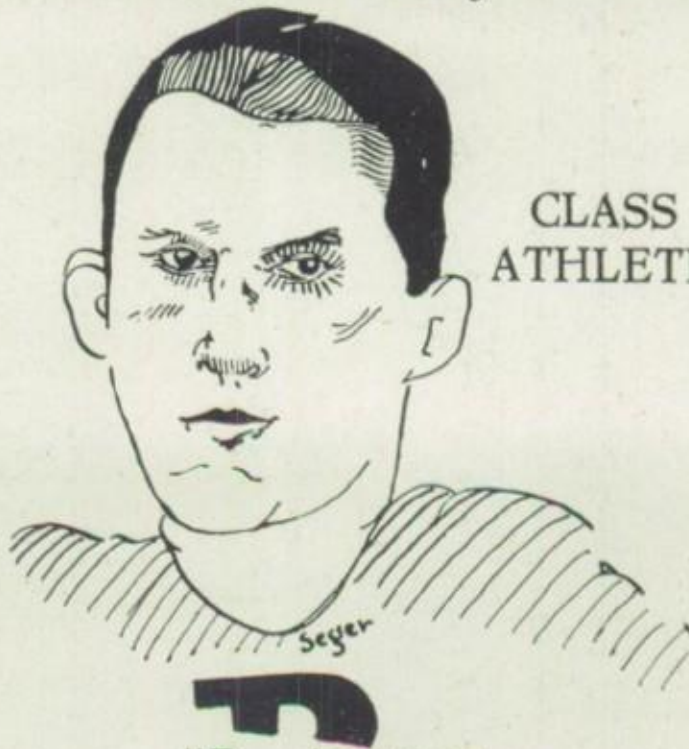


Jane Maury



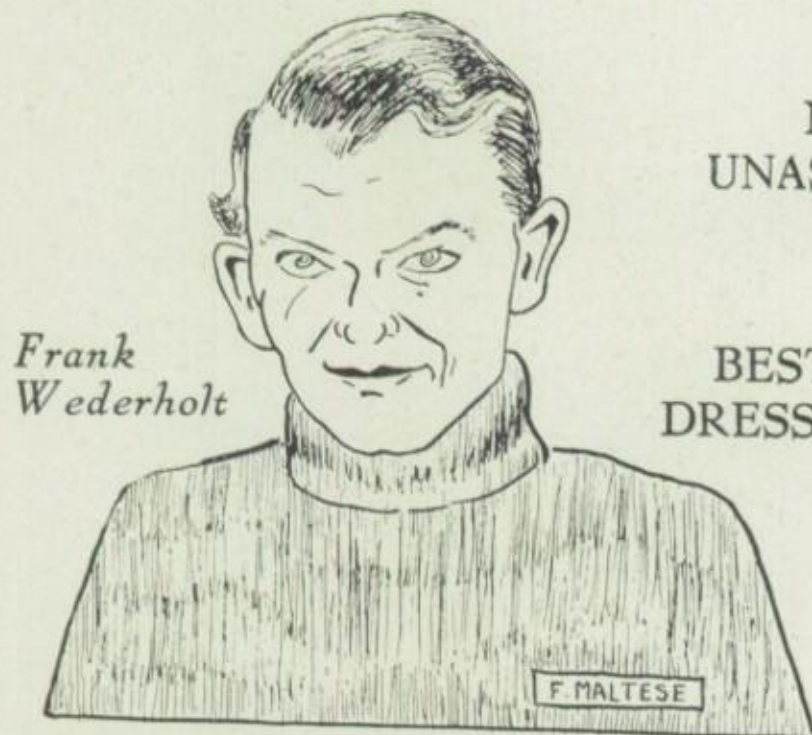
Herb Chapin

BEST
LOOKING



"Dutch" Waldron

CLASS
ATHLETE



*Frank
Wederholt*

BEST
DRESSED



Harry Beatty

MOST
UNASSUMING



AN EXCURSION

By

W. LEVASHEFF—'33



THE summer of 1930 I spent in Champeaux, a mountain village several miles away from the Rhone Valley. I lived in the camp of Ecole Nouvelle very picturesquely situated on the slope of one of the mountains near the chain of Mont Blanc.

During the two months' stay in Champeaux, we made several long excursions under the guidance of our instructor, Mr. Rex, an experienced and noted alpinist. One which I particularly remember was the last one during our vacation—the ascent of Aiguille du Javel. During our previous tramps we had noticed several times a blade-like summit rising at the north side of the Plateau of Tour. Mr. Rey had often pointed at it and smiled saying, "It is beautiful, but difficult."

After a good deal of preparation, we started on our last excursion at four o'clock in the morning. In two hours we reached Val d'Arpette, a narrow valley situated above Champeaux, and covered with rhododendrons. Then we proceeded to Col D'Orny, where we made a halt. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the sun was already illuminating the summits of the mountains. Our place was, however, still in shadow. We hastened on so as to reach the glacier d'Orny before the heat of the day. After fastening ourselves together with ropes at the foot of the glacier, we started to push ourselves up, halting from time to time to make steps in the ice with our Alpine staffs. It took us almost four hours to cover the half mile to the top. In another half hour we entered the Dupuis cabin and here had a good meal and rest. As it was too late to make an ascent of Aiguille du Javel, we decided to spend a night in the cabin and to make our excursion on the next day.

A rest of two hours made some of us ready to go outdoors and climb up Portalet, a summit situated near the cabin, to watch the sunset. When we returned to the cabin, the supper was all ready. You can imagine our appetites after such a hard day.

The next day we got up again before sunrise and after a solid breakfast, started across the vast Plateau du Tour. As the previous night had been slightly warm, the softness of the ice greatly slowed

our passage. At the foot of Aiguille du Javel, we stopped and one at a time climbed to the summit, which was only a few feet square.

When my turn arrived, I took off my sack and coat and started up a narrow chimney-like passage, which was full of snow and ice. The climb became harder, when I reached the place where the chimney changed into a sort of pipe, and stopping to catch my breath, I looked back. Mr. Rey waved to me from below, urging me to proceed. When I finally reached the top, after two or three more halts, I had the feeling of a pupil who has passed successfully a difficult examination.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

We're born, and
We walk, we talk,
We lie, we sigh,
We work, we shirk,
We pray, we slay,
We drink, we think,
We know, and—oh,
We love, and so
We come and go,
And then, we die.
Why?

Bob Anderson



Designed by Richard Ely

THE STORY OF A STORY

By

ELIZABETH OSTROWE—'34

THE young man opened his eyes and blinked at the bright light. From the blur, emerged bare white walls, two curtained windows, and a bed on which he was lying. His head throbbed with pain and putting up his hand he felt a bandage. Puzzled, he wondered where he was.

Suddenly the door opened and a white clad woman entered the room.

"Good morning. Feeling any better?"

He continued to stare in amazement.

"It's all right. This is the Bellevue Hospital. They picked you up last night after the truck had hit you."

Then he remembered.

It had been a cold day, a week before Christmas. There had been light flurries of snow and the streets were blanketed with soft white. Jostling through the crowds was a young man, shabbily dressed, wearing a battered felt hat and shoes that had weathered more than one winter. He was rather slim and not very tall, and his shoulders drooped as though he carried many troubles on his back. When you looked at his face you could sense that George Payne was a dreamer—his deep set eyes had that far-away look.

As he went along, he thought of his failure to become an author. The words—

"Sorry, but we can't use your story just now," had already become quite familiar.

He remembered about the time when he had left his home town—

"You'll come out all right." That had been his sister. His father had disapproved and his mother had worried. His pride had not permitted him to confess his failure. Unable to find any other work because of the depression, he had drifted from bad to worse, until finally he had only one thin dime left between him and destitution. That dime soon went, for when he arrived at the boarding house he sent his last story to a publisher. He did not expect it to turn out

any better than the other attempts, and he told himself that he would be disappointed if it failed.

It was Christmas Eve. People were hurrying merrily along the brightly lighted streets. All the world seemed joyous, and the gaily lighted shops radiated a warm glow of welcome to the bustling throng. Brightly painted toys hung in tinsel windows, odors of turkey and plum-pudding were wafted on the cold crisp air. Amidst this hubbub of happiness trudged one lonely, disconsolate figure. He was desperate; the story had failed. In fact, they had thought it so bad that they hadn't even bothered to return it. To-morrow would be Christmas, yet it brought no cheer to him. He hadn't even a room to return to, and unless luck intervened, he would spend the holiday on a park bench.

The church bells rang out—"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." That sounded fine, but no good will was being extended to him! Suddenly, he felt the urge to return home. His mother would be preparing Christmas dinner. Yet, his pride and pocketbook rebelled. He would not return to the scorn of his father and whispered comments of friends!

He awoke from his musings to find himself in the familiar lobby of the General Post Office. He thought he would inquire if there was any mail for him. To his surprise the clerk handed him a package. His interest quickened and then just as quickly fell. It was his manuscript. Blindly, he groped his way out to the street. His last faint hope had vanished. He stepped off the curb, there was a shrill shriek of a horn and the grinding of brakes, and then darkness closed in on him.

The nurse re-entered with a box and a package in her arms.

"Somebody's evidently remembered you," she said smilingly.

"My mother; I knew she wouldn't forget me," he exclaimed joyously.

Then she handed him the package.

"This was in your pocket. I thought you'd want it."

Slowly he opened it. A blue slip fluttered on the coverlet. He picked it up and read wonderingly.

..... "If you will correct the enclosed manuscript, we shall be glad to accept it and others. We offer you \$50 for the right to publish it."



Decorative Landscape

Designed by Virginia Erbeck

Cut by Richard Ely

THE LAST IMPRESSION

By
EDWARD H. FOSTER—'33

LATE afternoon; the port of Whampoa on the Canton River. Ships at anchor reared their tall masts here and there and the yellow green stream was enlivened by junks and boats of all sizes and hues; some propelled on the screw principal by a great scull at the stern and others, nearer shore, paddled or poled. The little steamer, China, seemed huge in comparison with the native crafts that plied between her and the shore, as she took on coal in preparation for her voyage home.

The ship, as I stood on her deck, fairly vibrated as if she were a great musical shell. This not altogether unpleasant music came from the throats of the coolies coaling our bunkers. The coaling gang were working overtime as it was, and in truth, must have been voicing their protest through the ever increasing volume of song.

It was dark before the coaling crew had finished and gone ashore. This delay had caused us to miss the evening tide; now we should have to lie over until midnight before sailing. I took a cat-nap in my cabin and at an early hour in the morning I hurried up on deck, in a sort of daze, to get my last glimpse of the Orient. I knew the ship had just weighed anchor; for many sailors were shouting orders, and replies and counter orders came from the fore part of the ship. I noticed first of all that our vessel was no longer pointing upstream but had swung around with the tide, so that now she headed homeward.

I had long looked forward to this moment but my expected feeling of inward delight was missing. I was overjoyed at leaving China. I was deeply moved and silent. If I had been older, I should have fully realized, that as those lights of Whampoa slowly faded in numbers and brilliance, all the romance and adventure that the East had to offer were being taken out of my reach.





A Cooley

Cosmos Levalino

• T H E • S E N I O R • D O M E •

MAN VERSUS STEEL

By
DON J. RULE—'34

THERE were the three Wilson brothers: John, Hal, and Danny, and there was old Bill Wilson, the superintendent, who was their father. Day after day the three boys built dangerously, under the cold eyes of their father, the dizzy lacework of the huge Storm Valley viaduct, high up in the cloudy sky.

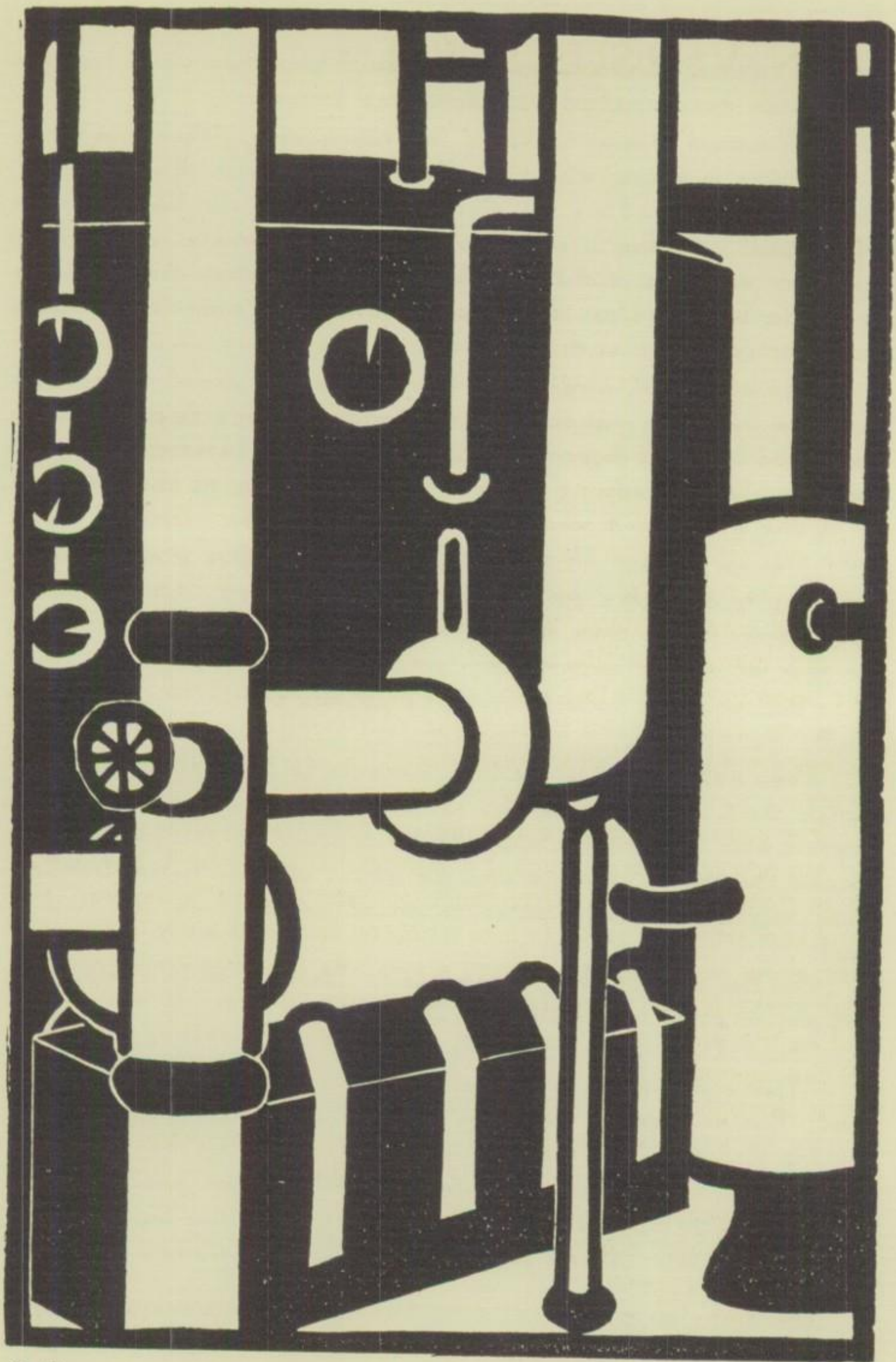
This was most curious too, for John had been dead over two years, and Hal had been dead nearly one year. Danny was most intensely alive, as anyone could see who looked up at him scampering lightly over the steel like a young nimble cat. But Bill alone knew that all three of his stalwart sons were working together again just as they used to when he was "Smilin' Bill Wilson," and his fine boys were as three honor marks upon his golden book.

For many were the times he caught a cheery imaginary wave from John out of whirling snow high up in the cold steel. And when the sharp wind moaned through the taut steel wires he often heard Hal's voice blend in with these strange notes from up on the steel towers.

For some time back a murmuring had passed among the men, and strange tales circled about of how old Bill had been heard talking to John and Hal. After these confabs, it was whispered, odd plans and schemes came to him whereby he could move great steel slabs about in the most amazing ways. As his bitterness grew, his steel works leaped into place all the more quickly. It was always said at the office that no matter how tough an erecting job might be, the company could always count on "Smilin' Bill Wilson" to see it through.

So he had been sent by the head of the company himself to put the viaduct up in record time, for if Bill could do this, his company could easily wrest the bridges on the Railton Extension from the Acme Bridge Company as soon as the Interstate Commerce Commission approved.

The ambulance had just gone away, its tires creaking drearily over the hard frozen snow. Whitey Mills this time—one leg all shot to pieces—one of the best signalmen in all steeldom. The little



Boiler

Gilbert Isaacs

group of steel-workers drifted away to their work on the great skeleton high above. Determined, steady-eyed men they were, but now their faces were touched with unwonted bitterness.

Bill turned grimly to Fluke, his timekeeper. "Flukie, what in God's name is wrong with me. What's wrong with this whole rotten job, anyhow? He's the third one to go to the hospital since this began! As fine a steel-worker as ever drove a rivet! First the gears strip out of the derrick car—then we drop that forty-five ton girder—now we run into a string of bust-ups worse than a Sunday afternoon on Lincoln Highway."

"Brace up, Bill, forget it! Why you're way ahead of schedule right now. You're straining too hard, and a fellow gets jumpy sometimes when he's all fagged out." Fluke gave his cigarette a flick, and went on: "You couldn't help poor Whitey slipping off that platform. With this confounded weather, it's lucky he wasn't killed."

"I know, Fluke. You're right in a way. But a superintendent on a bridge job's got to look out for his men. Of course nobody knows better than me all that goes into the cast of a bridge; but this job's been haywire ever since we started."

"Bill, you look half frozen—let's go over to the office and thaw out."

They walked over to the little portable field office, and sat down beside the C. & N. tracks. Bill sat down on a bench beside a table littered with blue prints, while Fluke punched up the coal fire and opened the drafts. High above the office, staccato bursts from riveting hammers already began to pound as the crew got back to work.

Old Bill called to his son and said, "Danny, I'm in a tight place and you're going to help me out."

"Sure, Dad—I'll go the limit for you."

"That's just it—I hope you never have to go the limit for me, boy! But as soon as this blow let's up, we have to put up those two big girders. Now maybe you don't know it, but that's the most ticklish job I ever drew. Since poor Whitey got knocked off, I want you to go up in his place on the derrick car as signalman."

Danny's face lighted up. "Say, Dad, you're a swell guy! You really mean that?"

Bill nodded silently.

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1933-1934

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"Thanks. I'll watch you like a hawk." He wrung Bill's hand.

"Now, boy, you don't know what it means raising those girders with what little equipment we have. If you don't spot the engineer just the right speed every second she's in the air—well, I saw a derrick car upset once!" Bill brushed his hand across his face and went on—"I know you'll hold it down. But one slip—and it's all up with you and about a dozen more. You'll have to hold it down, though, because some of the boys here think I've been keeping you off the bad places."

Danny jumped up. "Who said that?" he raged. "I'll—just tell me who said it!"

"Never mind, Danny, never mind. We're here to raise steel and not hell. Now, go home to the house and grab something to eat."

Next day the wind had subdued and Bill decided to attempt to raise the eighty-ton girder into place.

With tape line and chalk, Barney Ward and Buck Grimes swarmed upon the steel monster to work out the exact inch where the massive "dogs" would lute fast.

The heavy oak shoring timbers were unbolted from the side of the girder, and at last the great piece of steel lay free on the flat cars. Down from the dizzy heights above spun the dogs from the derrick car and the Chicago boom, dangling crazily on their spidery steel cables. Endless adjusting and signaling—then at last the great jaws tightened into place.

A hush settled over all the waiting men, except for low hissing of the sleet for a time. Wilson stood frozen—his eyes ranging over every tense face, every taut cable, the exact angle of the steel bite the huge dogs held on the girder.

Then his upraised hands began a weird whirling motion as though juggling with unseen balls. This was instantly copied by the two signalmen waiting above. He became an ancient Druid priest weaving some spell over hushed men and straining steel.

As the full strain of the heavy load snapped along the quivering cables to the powerful engine in the derrick car, the muffled purring of the exhaust changed to an angry, deep-throated roar. Across the frozen inlet Bill could spot Winters giving more steam to the ground hoisting engine, winding up the cable from the Chicago boom. The big Buda three hundred feet above and the ground en-

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gine must be kept synchronized just to a hair, or the mighty slab of steel would up-end and crash.

Never ceasing the strange juggling of his upraised hands, he sometimes waved for a shade more speed from one or the other engine, but usually his hands moved in perfect unison.

The monstrous piece of steel by now had risen several feet above the flat cars, as though by some uncanny force of levitation. A dozen men strained furiously on a rope, tugging it around into the position required at the top of its journey. Far above in the frozen air sounded the deep groan of the Buda, now settled down to a steady drumming rhythm. Higher and higher rose the vast shape—the frail-looking cables almost lost in the falling sleet.

More and more cable wound on the drums; the increased leverage throwing greater and greater strain on the throbbing engine.

From far below Wilson could see his boy standing out on the thin edge of annihilation, coolly signaling back to the engineer to open up the last notch of the throttle as the girder neared the top.

Then an ominous skip crept into the pulsing motor roar that by now had the whole river a-tremble. Smoke burst out from behind the engine house. A speck of a man ran with a bucket of water. The lashings on the back of the car began to snap—the engine house began to rise.

Great Lord! The whole car was upsetting!

Wilson's eyes opened just in time to see the miracle. The great girder guided by mysterious hands, had settled wearily on the two tower tops exactly in the right spot! Freezing hands worked fast with rivet and bolt. It was safely anchored!

He could see Danny walking along the eighteen-inch edge of the mighty girder. But John and Hal were no longer there. It seemed their work was done.

Don J. Rule, '34.



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ADRIFT

By
DOROTHY WILSON—'37

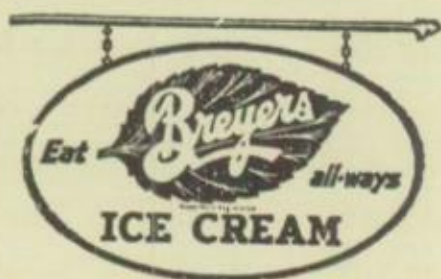


WE WERE summering on Peconic Bay, my parents, brothers, sisters, and I, when I received the 'scare' of my seven years. I could row fairly well, and felt extremely proud when Mother gave me permission to have a picnic in our tied-up row boat, with my four year old brother and three year old sister. The picnic started wrong in the first place, because after admiring a delicious morsel of cookie for about five minutes, and holding it between two grimy fingers, just as I was about to eat it, it fell under the seat, where there was about a quarter of an inch of salty, and not-too-clean water. I felt almost angry enough to eat it, filthy as it was, and perhaps would have had it not been too soggy for me to pick up.

The wind blew off-shore that memorable day, a powerful north breeze. I was still trying to get the crumbs off my brother's face and had not realized what had happened until my lisping, grinning, and very much pleased sister came to the bow and showed me the rope we had been tied up by. I left my brother to his own cleaning job and immediately grasped the oars, bursting with pride that at last I could show them that I could row as well as Dad. Ethel took it as a great joke until, despite my efforts, we had been blown around a point a half mile away. My arms were getting very tired, and my breath was coming in short spasmodic puffs. I lost a great deal of my self-confidence too, when I saw my mother frantically running up the beach toward us, and the bungalows fast disappearing. When at last we came into the outer bay, and the waves became high and dangerous, I was terrified. Billy didn't have much to say in the matter, because he had found a half dead snail in the bottom of the boat, and was absorbed in its actions.

Just then as a last straw on the camel's back, it came—something I had been dreading. Ethel, seized by a babyish whim that she didn't want to be on the water but in on shore safe with "Firpo," her pet dog, started to cry. It was a tumultuous cry, tears streaming down her face leaving long, clean, white streaks on her cheeks and pouring over her upper lip into her mouth. My brother, looking up from his

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snail for a moment, remarked blandly, "Gee, Eth, it looks like Ni-ag-ar-a Falls."

I was in such a humor that I didn't want to hear his artistic remarks, and I really felt I wanted to throw him overboard. The waves were getting rougher and I was horrified at what might happen. Ethel's crying frightened me so much that I pulled in the oars and prepared to give her a sound spanking.

Just then I heard the chug-chug of a motor. I was turning around to see what it was, when an extremely playful wave burst at the side of the boat, sending the foam and water all over us. A little girl can endure so much, and in a fit of anger I crept to the bottom of the boat and cried.

We were all towed home and mother, who I expected would give us each a spanking, gratefully kissed us and put us all to bed, where I dreamed of drifting out to sea, my parents wailing on shore, and a big horned dragon coming along to eat me up.

FUTILITY

By Dorothy Schmidt—'34.

Away with sorrow—let it be
Just gone today—Eternity,
Will not be longer, nor the world
Less glad, if for one paltry day
I do not think of one whose way
Turned from my own, the while he hurled
My shining joy into the sea
And took my very heart from me.

I think that if I could forget
For just a while, my mind would let
This new love in, into my soul
To soothe the pain and cover o'er
The ugly aching fevered sore—
But memory must take its toll
And so my eyes with tears are wet
Because my heart is with him yet.

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Bicycle Race

Spinning wheels, clinking chains,
Every muscle in me strains,
Tired and dirty, grim of face,
On I must, to win this race.
Legs are weary, back is sore,
Win I must or ride no more.
Road is dusty, miles are long—
Riders before me going strong.
Some behind me, not so sturdy
Each and every one is dirty,
Tired and weary. Miles are long.
Never a soul with thought of song.
Plodding, plodding, mile by mile
Face encased in grim, taut smile.
Hungry, thirsty, mouth afire,
Body and soul with one desire.
Sprint! the leader sets the pace,
On I must to win this race.
Sun is beating on my back,
Pumping, plodding legs near dead.
Bringing tortures of the rack,
Shortly then the leader said,
"Only two more miles to go.
Sprint, you boys! The pace is slow."
Sprint! The leader sets the pace,
On I must to win this race.
Three before me riding fast,
Well, at least I won't be last.
Just a half mile more to go.
Two of the boys are getting slow.
Man in front throws a "hook"*
Judges put it in the book.
Now the tape is just in sight.
Pump I must with all my might!
Now I sprint to set the pace,
On I go—and win this race.

*A "hook" is a foul which, when committed, means disqualification.

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Diogenes lived in a tub . . .

and was a Cynic.* There are various explanations of how he got that way—but no matter; he was right about at least two things: in the first place, he knew what he wanted (an honest man, if we remember rightly), and in the second place, he went after what he wanted (he did not leave his lantern in his tub, either). Most successful merchants are like that. They know what customers they want, and they take the proper steps to get them.

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4. THAT parents can be reached through the high school paper.

*Cynic—That's Greek for Perpetual Grouch. Yes, we looked it up.

The above is taken from a letter sent to merchants in the town of Great Neck, Long Island, by the staff of the High School newspaper in that community.

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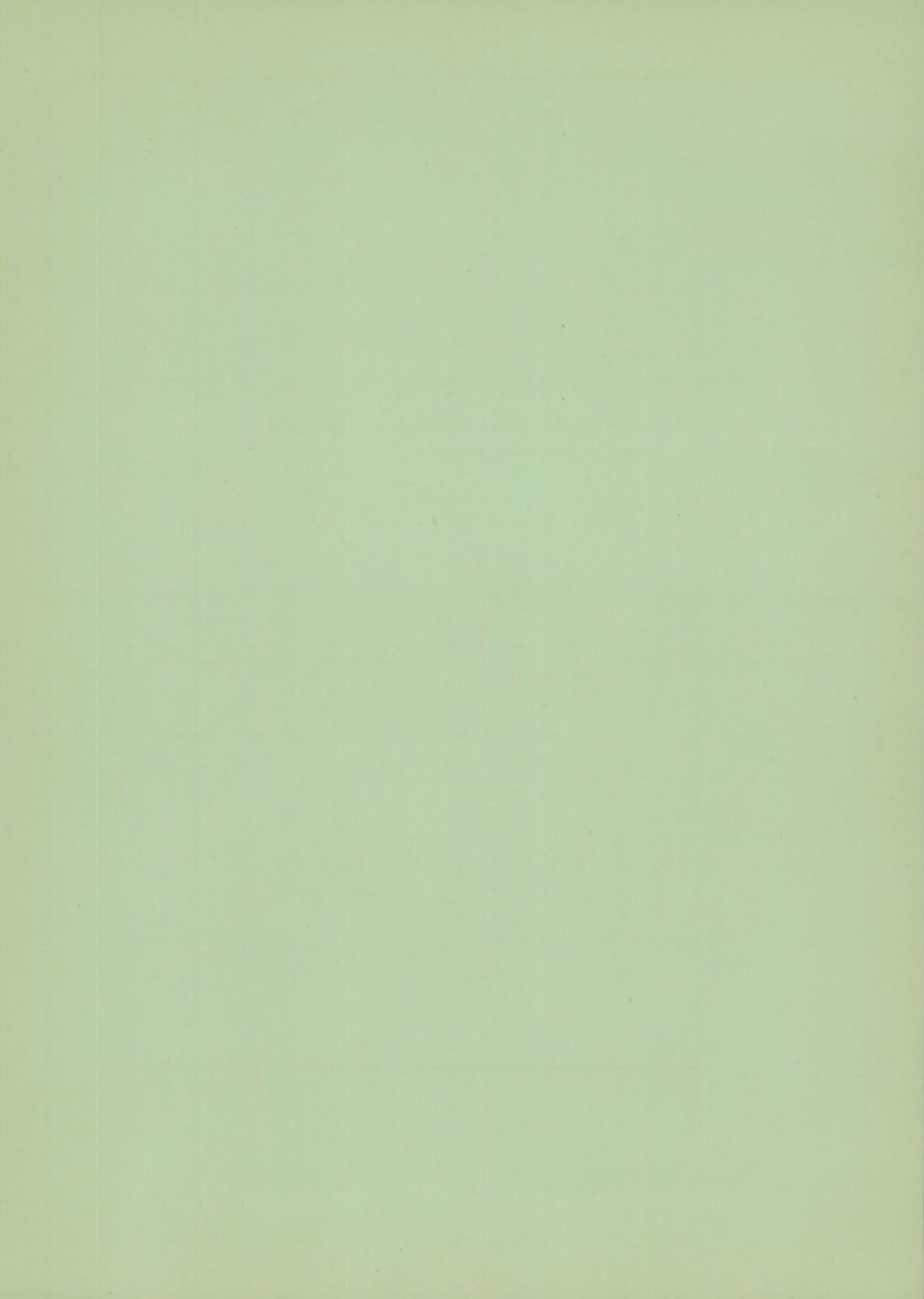
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